# The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 47 NO. 9
Lessons for December
SEPTEMBER 1960

# *Lombardy Poplars*

*Dorothy J. Roberts*

After desert, music of their green word
Is published on the landscape of despair —
After death and silence, the sudden sound
Of boughs responding to the pluck of air. . . .
Past the river's barren bend they lift their legend,
Where winds are sudden though the hour is mild.
Dense as a wall they soar above the lava,
Anchored where purple tiers of rock are piled
In tumbled boulder-eggs and long plateaus.
As windbreaks, mothering the meted land,
Or towered in leaf to bless the road with shade,
The giant quotient of reply, they stand.
In measured lines these tall trees rise, where men
Once bent above each seedling, hope wand-high,
To lift the passing heart and eye from earth,
From faith to answer, green on the sun-laned sky.

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# From Near and Far

Will you accept my sincere, heartfelt thanks for *The Relief Society Magazine*. The pictures are wonderful and they show what the members achieve. It is a beautiful *Magazine* containing such various and interesting reading. In the April issue, the poem "Charity" by Iris W. Schow is the true message.

—Mary Leutens
Brussels, Belgium

I read all the stories in *The Relief Society Magazine*, as well as all the other material. I like to call it my *Magazine*, because it emphasizes the arts that should be mine — cooking, sewing, homemaking, and the art of being a successful wife and mother. The stories either present common problems or bring to life the wonderful spirit of our pioneers. It seems good to have a *Magazine* which presents the views of Latter-day Saint women.

—Dorothy C. Little
Lewiston, Utah

A few days ago I received my first copy of *The Relief Society Magazine*, and have truly enjoyed reading it. My husband and I are especially interested in the story "Orchids in the Snow" by Rosa Lee Lloyd. We moved here to Dillingham a short time ago, and I am experiencing some of the same strange things as Sharry. Dillingham is located on the coast of Bristol Bay and can be reached only by air and water. Therefore, our way of living is a big change from that in Utah. There are only four members of our Church here, and three of them are our family. The remaining member, Lyle Smith, has been wonderful to make us feel at home. We are enjoying very much the chance to be pioneers in the jet age.

—Mrs. Martha Morgan
Dillingham, Alaska

I do enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine*. The stories are so refreshing and wholesome. Also, I like the articles, and, of course, the poems. The women who do this writing must be "deep thinking" and sincere.

—Mrs. L. B. Dovey
Deepfield, Australia

I have seen and felt the spirit of Relief Society in action. I am the mother of eight wonderful children. When I had the first four I had no time for any outside activities, including Relief Society. Then my mother gave me a subscription to *The Relief Society Magazine*, and I began to develop an interest in it. I started going to Relief Society and taking an active part. As a result, I can see the difference in my home. Our home has a distinctly different atmosphere. There is a mellowness that never existed before. For several years I have taken four tiny ones with me to Relief Society meetings and have proved for myself that young mothers can and should attend Relief Society.

—Cora Thinnes
Ogden, Utah

I have intended for some time to write and tell you how much I enjoy our *Magazine*. I read it through and pass it on to friends who enjoy it. My friends Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Anderson, West Jordan, Utah, have sent it to me for some years, and I appreciate it. They came to see me two years ago. They are grand people. The *Magazine* stories are such wholesome reading, and the covers and pictures are lovely.

—Agnes Fisher
Vancouver, B.C.
Canada

Years ago my mother added *The Relief Society Magazine* as part of my Christmas gift, and each year she has subscribed for me. I can truly say that it is the only Magazine that comes into our home that I always read from cover to cover. I have never failed to find a story, poem, lesson, or article that hasn't seemed to answer my problems, lift my chin up, or make me smile again, when needed. I have always felt that the messages and material in the *Magazine* were written for me and directed to me, especially, as an individual.

—Oral M. Clayton
Glendale, California

# THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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VOL. 47 SEPTEMBER 1960 NO. 9

## Contents

**SPECIAL FEATURES**

Birthday Congratulations to President David O. McKay ... 569
Sleep When the Wind Blows ... Mildred B. Eyring 570
Are You Happy? ... Marvel Sharp Crookston 595
Evening Incident ... Helen S. Hughes 634

**FICTION**

My Third Grandma — Part I — Sari ... Ilene H. Kingsbury 574
The Rich, Full Years ... Betty Lou Martin 579
A Problem, a Pet, and the Picture ... Louise Morris Kelley 598
Orchids in the Snow — Chapter 5 ... Rosa Lee Lloyd 602

**GENERAL FEATURES**

From Near and Far ... 566
Sixty Years Ago ... 582
Woman's Sphere ... Ramona W. Cannon 583
Editorial: Enhancing the Joy of Family Living ... Marianne C. Sharp 584
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ... Hulda Parker 608
Birthday Congratulations ... 686

**FEATURES FOR THE HOME**

Fall Drama ... Roberta L. Theobald 577
Best Sellers for the Bazaar ... Jean Ridges Jennings 586
Freezing Food at Home ... Ruby K. Smith 591
Something Different for Dinner ... Emma A. Hanks 596
Mary Bartholomew Stewart Makes Her Home Beautiful With Handwork ... 601

**LESSONS FOR DECEMBER**

Theology — The Law of Moral Conduct (continued) ... Roy W. Doxey 614
Visiting Teacher Messages — ". . . Every Man Is Given a Gift . . . ." ... Christine H. Robinson 620
Work Meeting — Moving and Lifting the Patient ... Maria Johnson 622
Literature — James Fenimore Cooper, Critic ... Briant S. Jacobs 625

**POETRY**

Lombardy Poplars — Frontispiece ... Dorothy J. Roberts 565
Late Summer ... Alice Morrey Bailey 578
Child Blowing a Dandelion ... Ida Elaine James 581
What Liahona? ... Iris W. Schow 585
Grandmother's Art ... Lula Walker 597
Green Thumb ... Mabel Law Atkinson 607
A Stake Is Born ... Padda M. Speller 613
Gratitude ... Catherine B. Bowles 621
September Road ... Katherine F. Larsen 634

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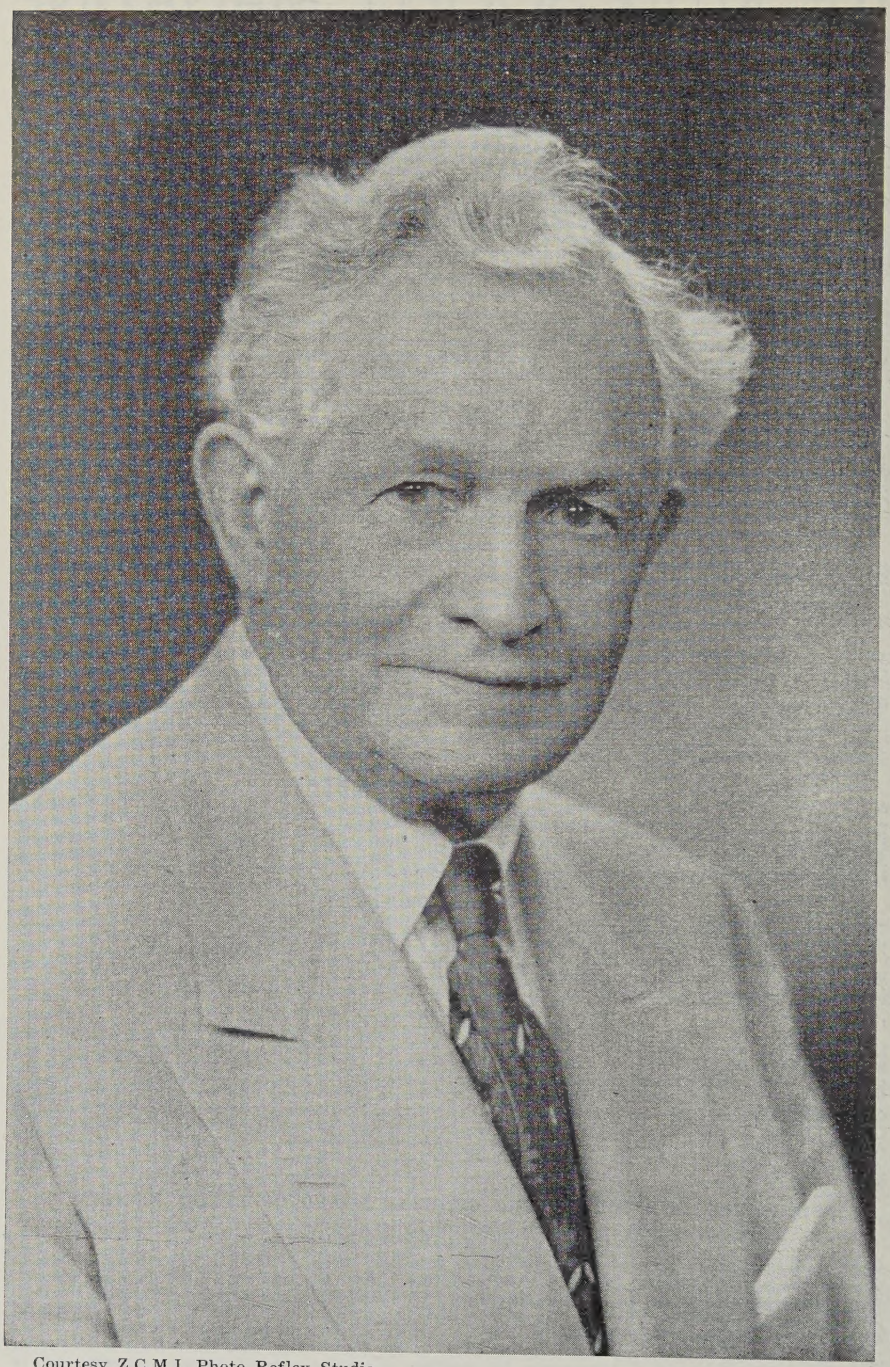

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PRESIDENT DAVID O. McKAY

# *Birthday Congratulations to President David O. McKay*

On His Eighty-Seventh Birthday, September 8, 1960

RELIEF Society women in all the stakes and missions of the Church extend birthday congratulations and best wishes to our beloved President David O. McKay. We are grateful for the privilege of living in this time of earth history when the gospel has been restored and we are blessed to receive counsel, guidance, and spiritual enlightenment from our prophet, seer, and revelator.

As members of the world-wide sisterhood, we are especially thankful that President McKay has traveled to many countries and has taken the gospel message to faraway islands and to the great cities of the world. Through his journeyings and his testimony, he has strengthened and uplifted the sisters, and increased their devotion and service to the gospel and in the Relief Society organizations. It is a great joy to all of us in all the wards and branches to know that Sister McKay has companioned the President on his visits among the saints, and by her gracious dignity and her dear kindliness has contributed to the bonds of loving sisterhood which unite Relief Society women everywhere.

The years of President McKay's life, his young manhood, his apostleship, and presidency have been given, as described in the Doctrine and Covenants of those who were ordained to go forth among the nations, to "Lifting up your voices as with the sound of a trump, proclaiming the truth. . . ."

The women of the Church, in every land, rejoice, and their hearts are filled with gratitude, as they extend birthday greetings to President McKay and wish him health and happiness and the blessings of the Lord. May he long continue to ". . . proclaim the everlasting gospel, by the Spirit of the living God, from people to people, and from land to land. . . ."

# Sleep When the Wind Blows

*Mildred B. Eyring*

Member, General Board of Relief Society

THE story of the farmer who was able to sleep through terrific wind storms is a familiar one. His ability to sleep is easily explained. He had built his house and barns well, they were well kept, at night the doors were closed and fastened, the stacks were covered, the animals safely corralled or stabled. He was prepared for a hard wind. He could sleep.

Christians have always known, if they have read their scriptures carefully, that destructive forces of some kind are coming to the world. They have been warned many times to prepare themselves and their households to meet difficult times. Divine laws have been given with great clarity, and commandments to obey these laws have been repeated by inspired prophets of all dispensations, including our own. Punishment for disobedience has been prescribed, and rewards for obedience have been promised.

When questioned by them, Christ told the Pharisees that the first commandment was to love God completely, and the second was to love one's neighbor as oneself. Then, he indicated that all other commandments are dependent upon these two. If these first two commandments had been obeyed completely, perhaps no others would have been necessary. But, from the beginning, some of God's children have been disobedient, and many laws concerning specific matters have been necessary in all dispensations. The Ten Commandments which were given anew through Moses form a brief code of behavior for mankind. Again, if this code had been followed by all people, the earth could have been a paradise long ago. During his ministry, Christ repeated and added to the commandments, and in the present dispensation there have been more repetition and more additions. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints acknowledges the divinity of all these commandments, and its members covenant to obey them.

The words of the commandments have become very familiar and commonplace; so much so, that their meaning and importance are too often overlooked. The very last of the Ten Commandments "Thou shalt not covet" is not very frequently discussed, and may seem to be less important than the others. But is it? What does it mean? The word *covet* was used more commonly in ancient times than now. Nephi, in referring to the commandments, uses the word *envy*. Modern dictionaries use terms such as "to crave," "to desire enviously," "to long for," in defining the word. These are terms we all understand, but what are we doing about this commandment?

Envy seems always to have been a part of human nature. Cain envied Abel. Joseph's brothers envied him. The scriptures are filled with accounts of individuals and nations which were destroyed because of this sin. It is not new, but it is real and it is with us. There has

probably never been another time when so many people enviously desire to have what others have, as now. Modern means of communication and modern selling techniques may be responsible. It is possible now for people to see exactly what others have, their homes, their clothes, their jewels, all their personal possessions. No one can be unaware of the aggressive advertisers. Keeping up with the Joneses — a modern form of covetousness — has become the most common sin of the age, so common in fact that it is not recognized as such by those who commit it. Yet is not this sin, in a very real measure, responsible for many of the other sins — breaking the Sabbath day, lying, stealing, adultery, murder, war? And does not this sin bring about much of the anxiety, discontent, ill health, and misery with which otherwise "good" people are afflicted? Why are so many people in debt? Why are so many women employed outside their homes? It may seem more difficult for those who have little to avoid covetousness. Perhaps it is, but those who have much are not without responsibility for the prevalence of this sin. They also can be covetous, and are often vain, and by indulging their desires and displaying their possessions, they arouse the envy of others and compound the evil. To have wealth is not sinful; to display it can be. The Tenth Commandment as given in Exodus is noticeably more detailed than the other negative ones, as if to make it more emphatic. It surely is not less important.

The Lord has always known the weaknesses and the needs of his children. He has given many laws which are designed to help them develop the ability to love him as he desires, and to love each other unselfishly. The law of sacrifice, the law against covetousness, the law of tithing, the present Church Welfare Plan are all preparatory to the law of consecration, under which there will be no rich and no poor, and which we must accept and live completely before we can live with the Lord. Since we are obviously not yet prepared to live that higher law, we should try earnestly now to obey the lesser ones.

Some of these laws may seem, on first thought, to be purely temporal; but we are told by the Lord that all his laws are spiritual, that none of them is temporal. As mortals, we are physical and spiritual beings combined. The body and spirit are one and cannot be acted upon separately. Hatred, anger, jealousy, worry, greed, cause tension, ulcers, strokes, and heart attacks. Ignoring the Word of Wisdom or refusing to pay tithing and offerings leads to loss of faith, apostasy, moral and spiritual decay. All divine laws are designed to benefit God's children eternally as well as to give them happiness here.

THE dangers of covetousness have been recognized by wise men in all eras. Socrates (469-399 B.C.) is reported to have said, "Those who want fewest things are nearest to the gods." And often when he was looking in at auctions, he would say, "How many things there are which I do not need." Horace (65 B.C. - 8 A.D.) the Roman poet said, "The covetous man is ever in want." The apostle Paul wrote to the Colossians, "Set your affection

on things above, not on things on the earth" (Col. 3:2). And to Timothy he wrote:

> But godliness with contentment is great gain. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. And having food and raiment let us be therewith content. But they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts. . . . For the love of money is the root of all evil. . . (I Tim. 6:6-10).

How can we attain "godliness with contentment"? What changes must we make in our thinking and our practices?

In the beginning, man was given the responsibility of providing, through his own labor, the physical necessities for his family. He was to govern, protect, and cherish them. The woman was to bear children, to be a homemaker and a help meet to her husband, subject to him in righteousness. Together, they were to bring up their children in righteousness. These original assignments have never been changed. How well are we playing our roles as women now?

WE hear much about "woman's rights" today, but let us look, now, not at her rights only, but at her responsibilities as a wife and mother. She is a help meet to her husband. She must conserve and use wisely the necessary material of livelihood which her husband provides. She must recognize and meet the needs, and respect the rights of all members of her family, including herself.

What are important needs and rights of family members? First, of course, they need the material things: adequate shelter, food, and clothing. More importantly, perhaps, each needs the love, respect, confidence, appreciation, and cooperation of all the family. They all need peace of mind. Each needs time to work without interference, time for a hobby, time to sing, to play, to laugh, to pray, time to be alone. Are we homemakers managing our homes so that these needs of our families are met? What can we do to make twenty-four hours a day and our present income adequate for all these things?

Many of us will be compelled to change our habits. Most of us are more or less closely akin to the pack rat. We accumulate and hoard things for which we have no need or use or just because we see them, or because someone else has them. We can change that habit. A good practical beginning would be a complete housecleaning. We can go through every room, every closet, cupboard, and drawer and take out everything we do not need, or are not storing for a future need, pack the articles which might be useful to someone else and send them to the Deseret Industries, or, where there is no Deseret Industries, search out people in need of them. Our homes will be clean and our spirits will be lifted.

Now let us make a survey of our family activities over a period of time (to be really "scientific" it should cover at least six months so that seasonal factors would be included, but a shorter period will give us valuable information.) A chart for each family member on which a complete time and activity record can be kept for each twenty-four-

hour day should be made. Show money earned, and how, money spent, and how. When sufficient data have been accumulated examine the charts in a family council. Decide together which activities have been worth the time and money expended on them, and plan any desirable changes. Check income and expenditures and make plans to improve the family finances. Check menus for meals against the basic food requirements for health, to make sure the family is being well-fed. Read the 89th Section of The Doctrine and Covenants again and note the cautions given concerning the use of the foods provided for man. Are we being prudent in our use of them?

Having made the survey of what we are doing, it will be possible to set up a workable budget of time, activity, and money which can make our resources meet our needs. Samuel Johnson gave a bit of excellent advice on budgeting. He said, "Whatever you have, spend less."

THRIFT is a homely word, but a good one. It means economical management. "A penny saved is a penny got." "Waste not, want not." "Remember, that time is money." You can think of many such sayings which our grandparents knew and lived by. Perhaps we should follow the counsel of Horace when he said: "As soon as a man perceives how much the things he has discarded excel those which he pursues, let him turn in time, and resume those which he relinquished."

The kind of thrift our ancestors practiced could balance many of the tottering family budgets of today. Sewing, breadmaking, home canning, a vegetable garden, all helped to stretch meager incomes to provide the necessities and, often, some luxuries for the family. The same thrifty habits are as practical now as they were a hundred years ago. In many families today this kind of old-fashioned thrift would make it possible for the now working mothers to stay in their homes with their families and build much needed family solidarity and strength.

When cleaning out the unneeded things from our homes, we will have an opportunity to check the supplies we have stored, the food, clothing, bedding, household supplies, first-aid materials, etc., which our prophets, for many years, have urged us to keep in our homes. By obedience to their directions, we not only insure our physical safety and comfort in difficult times, but we gain spiritual strength through our obedience.

Self-examination is the best examination. How well am I filling my role? Am I a good help meet? Am I a wise, understanding mother? Am I covetous? Am I burdened with many things? Am I a good neighbor? Do I have peace of mind? Does my husband? Are my children happy? Am I my sister's keeper? Do I love God? Am I obedient? Can I sleep when the wind blows?

# *My Third Grandma*

## Part I — SARI

*Ilene H. Kingsbury*

MY other Grandmas lived far away, and I saw them briefly once or twice a year.

My third Grandma was in reality my *proximity Grandma*, for she lived in the next house south. She was not my "blood relation," but was as deeply beloved, and was known by no other title than Grandma.

Because the freedom of Grandma Morgan's home was ours, we often played house in the small lean-to off her kitchen. This room was a sort of storage department for Jonathan apples, a sack of bran, a couple of tool chests, old pillow cases of dried plums, and cast-off boxes and trunks. It was cozy and darkish in there. The one small window was more of an excuse than an aid to viewing the scenery. It never seemed to matter to Grandma whether we rearranged the miscellaneous valuables, just so we kept a path down the middle. She insisted on easy access to needed necessities.

I am sure we played in this magic place scores of times, but only one of them remains to excite and enhance my adulthood. Her two little granddaughters and I were planning a show to enrapture the neighborhood. We remembered Grandma's old box in the lean-to. She called it a portmanteau. Our folks would have said trunk or chest; but it was so battered and insecure looking that box was its final category. Had we been older and wiser and more observant, we could have seen that its hinges were of beaten silver, with odd markings to insure safety on a sea voyage. If we had been taught that a lot of old-fashioned things were really priceless antiques, then we could have preserved this container for the Smithsonian custodians. But I suppose some sincere soul, actuated by the goddess of cleanliness and order, one day kicked that magic box out the door and flung it to the woodpile where it finally became heating material on a cold winter's night. However, there it was in my childhood, quite unmolested save for dust and dry desert air.

Three little girls, aged eight years, with dreams in their heads, can make quick work of opening up an old-fashioned trunk. They can pull more dress-up things from it than one would ever think it could encase. These lovely legends of style billow and tumble at the feet and get tangled up on the floor until, in a moment, one is almost submerged in wool, cotton, and silk. We grabbed each piece with a shameless selfishness, held each up for size. We smelled some for that peculiar, musty fragrance of age and airless confinement. We unrolled and unfolded fashion's atrocities and fashion's beauties, we heartlessly flung aside that which deserved sentimentality and a quiet reverence. But we were only eight.

There was so much to choose from for a childish version of grand opera that we reveled and shouted and tugged and danced about. We hastily drew off and on such marvels of style that we resolved to

become store saleswomen when we grew up. It was as if we were thirsty and hungry and here was meat and drink for effulgence. Our braids feathered out, our ribbons hung bedraggled with such pulling up and down of taffeta shirtwaists and lace and fur as we had never before imagined. We gave up the amateur opera for a few moments, just being happy dressing up. Hats with feathers and giant bows graced our brows. Kid gloves, gone from stark white to cream with age, were pushed wrinkling from wrists to armpits. High button shoes, soft leather like a baby's palm, were made to flap around our shins. We were in our glory.

THEN we found *it*. Coral silk — yards and yards of it. It was rolled up as is a scroll, to save wrinkles and fatal creases. One of us held onto the roll while the other took two corners firmly in hand and backed away from the trunk. Out the door she pranced and right on out to the clothesline. It was not a wide piece of beauty, only about two feet. Along either edge was a border some four or five inches wide of curious gold threads so cleverly woven in with the silk that they gleamed and shimmered and startled the eye with loveliness. When the scarf was entirely spread between us we raised our arms high above our heads, then jerked them down, all to see this pinkish silk flutter and billow and pause in midair as a cloud at sunset. After that we held it to our waists and swung toward each other with little dancing steps taken in small circles which brought us ere long together in a wrapping of gossamer silk. Out again we would swing ourselves, and then repeat the motion as before. The dance of nymphs expert with fibers and sunshine and mist and joy could not have compared with three girls and what they had found in an old trunk.

Too sad that the high note so struck was not the last, or so we felt at the time. It has taken adulthood's view to say it was better to have it end as it did.

Ecstasy was boundless at the very moment that Grandma Morgan came to the door to throw out the dishwater. At the sight of us she gave out a sort of wail or moan. Such unbelief was heard in her protest at what we were doing to her beloved treasure that we froze in our tracks, dropped the scarf, gathered courage, and started for the shelter of the orchard. She recovered quickly enough to call after us to come back *now*. We fairly crawled back to her presence, so humble were we and so majestic was she.

She lovingly gathered the length of priceless goods to her heart. As she did so she rolled it up hand over hand in a sort of muff and sat on the back step and cried into its folds. This was absolutely stunning to us. Whoever had seen Grandma with tears in her eyes? We plumped ourselves on the ground in front of her, folded our arms, and waited.

As she crouched over the scarf and wept, she sort of bent forward and looked as if she were shrinking, littler and littler. She wasn't much bigger than we were anyway, but suddenly we wanted to comfort her and take care of her and straighten her shoulders and make her smile, and be our wonderful Grandma forever and ever. As we leaned toward her she withdrew her hands from

the scarf and unwound it a bit and placed a length of it around our shoulders. There we sat in front of her, the long piece tieing us together.

Her dark eyes now ceased to cry, and she felt impelled to tell us her story. Her ancestors had ruled India long before the English came to claim it as a protectorate or department or whatever they chose to call their tenure of her land. After that era of great sorrow, war, and adjustment, no one was truly happy in India, neither the British nor the natives. So fallen were the fortunes of her father's house, that they were the servants where once they had been masters. They were refugees, where once they had been conquerors. At twelve, called a woman in India, she became the personal servant to the wife of a British military officer.

ONE night as her master and his family were singing hymns in a little arbor in their garden, they were disturbed by a rude knocking at the gate. A guard was sent to investigate, but got no satisfaction from two sailor lads who demanded entrance. The master, therefore, went to quiet the protests of both his man and the intruders. The insistence of the strangers that they come in and join in the singing was listened to and soon all was calm. After the practice the master asked the boys where they had come from. Good Old England, they informed him, just disembarked from nearly a year at sea. He wanted to know why they had come to his home. They said they recognized the hymns and knew Christians lived within the high stone wall surrounding the place.

All this conversation went on while the twelve-year-old servant girl was standing near her mistress gently fanning her to catch the slightest evening breeze. She listened. She was fascinated.

It developed that these two youths were there to beg people to go to America. And had they ever been to America? Well no, but perhaps they might when they no longer sailed the seas. The strange tale unraveled. They were missionaries from the restored Church of Jesus Christ. They would soon have to take ship for other oceans and continents, but others would come to preach the gospel to the pure in heart.

They did sail away, those two emissaries of Christ not yet twenty. The reports they made back in England were responsible for a mission to India. In a new season the long-awaited preachers got to the garden within the high wall in Calcutta, India.

These men with the gospel message started from Salt Lake City, Territory of Utah, United States of America. They traveled by ox team through Nevada and California. They worked their way on sailing ships to India by way of Australia. They were men who weren't frightened easily — either by the elements or uncivilized tribes or skeptical colonists. Some had experienced mob atrocities, some had walked hundreds of miles in the Mexican War as part of the Mormon Battalion. They knew deprivation and hardship. Mormons they were, and Mormons they hoped to make all the world.

In India they preached, some for as long as five years. They traveled into the interior by bullock cart and

on foot. Few believed, fewer still were courageous enough to join their sect, and still fewer had courage to leave governmental subsidies and posts of authority to emigrate to Zion.

The young native servant girl of India did believe. She did leave her master's house. She did encircle the globe. She arrived at the end of nearly a year's journey in a little Mormon settlement in Southern Utah.

HER belongings, or *possibles* as she called them, were meager, unobstrusive, and scarcely of any value at all. Her little metal studded trunk became battered in holds of sailing vessels. It became so beaten that no one assumed its contents were of merit. But underneath the more mundane articles of current wearing apparel an inquisitive hand could have found a curved, carved, ivory-handled sword wrapped in a misty, gleaming length of gold embroidered coral silk. That sari of South India had come a long, long way.

But it was out of place on a western frontier. Somber living was the end result of harsh toil. One could remember when the only bright trimming in the whole community was a bit of red flannel contributed by a gracious lady who had formerly called it a petticoat. But a swatch of silk of such gaiety and loveliness was not countenanced. It had remained in the little trunk for nearly two generations when we snatched it and flung it in the sunshine. No wonder Grandma cried. The rush of memories of a most amazing past was enough to break her reserve. As she talked, we knew what the butcher knife meant to her. The silk and the steel were symbols of her father's house.

Reluctantly we unwound the sari from our shoulders, we laid it reverently in her lap and noted its high brilliance. We had been clad in coral.

We thought about going home to tell our mothers. Surely they should know all about the wonderful things Grandma Morgan had told us. But as we got to the gate we slowed down. As we stepped beneath the orchard shade we came to a complete stop. We looked at each other. Maybe we should keep all this a secret until we were old and someone called us Grandma.

## *Fall Drama*

*Roberta L. Theobald*

AS I remember August 31, 1959, the excitement of anticipation filled the air, and such a scurry there was at our house.

Finally, all the children were washed, brushed, and combed; then, with faces smiling, each left a kiss and was gone.

And on this day before September, an aloneness, which I cherished, was mine. Togetherness was good, but at times I wished to solo into the realm of quietude.

Yes, it was pleasant to have them back in school again. Most thoughtfully I listened to the wonderful silence.

Then, soon satiated with myself and my solitude, I just as eagerly awaited their return.

As other summer days reached into autumn, mothers of other generations have experienced my same fall drama. In my quiet moment I was aware of my refrigerator humming, while grandmother, in her day, was reminded that her clock could tock, and her teakettle could sing.

Josef Muench

HARVEST TIME IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

## *Late Summer*

*Alice Morrey Bailey*

The trees have never been more summer-deep
In green, though summer's needs have drunk their fill
Of flower, of fruit, of seed and chlorophyll.
No shadow stirs the dreaming land, plants seem to sleep
As if enchanted, upright, fully leafed, and keep
Their statued pose, while perfect blossoms spill
No perfume. Bees are surfeited and still.
Up sapphire skies the brambled shadows creep.

The mountain, maiden-curved, still summer-dressed—
Though season's time has passed the median hour—
Is emerald draped and wrapped in mystic rest,
Bewitched, with none to foil the spindle's power.
Where rides the dashing prince of ancient fame
Whose kiss will wake the kingdom into flame?

# The Rich, Full Years

*Betty Lou Martin*

THE wind was blowing slightly, ruffling Emma McDowell's silver-gray hair. She smiled bravely as she walked toward the car where Sarah Drake was waiting to take her home for the last time. She paused for a moment to take one last look at the place where she had spent thirty years of working days of her life. An empty, lost feeling swept over her, and, in spite of the hot summer day, she felt chilled and shuddered in the sunlight.

"We're going to miss you at the factory, Emma," Sarah commented as they drove home. "It won't be the same. Ten more years and I guess that they will give me my walking papers, too. It is a funny thing about age sixty-five. They think that upon your sixty-fifth birthday they should stamp you too old and file you away somewhere."

Emma had loved every minute of her thirty years working in the dress factory. They had been good years, busy years. She had sewed each garment with as much care and zeal as a good artist paints a picture, or a sculptor carves a figure.

She glanced down at the overnight case that her friends at the factory had given to her. "You're so lucky," they had told her. "Now you can visit your children and go any time that you please."

But I'm content here, Emma thought. This is my home, and my roots are here.

Emma McDowell had started work in the factory after the death of her husband. Her two daughters married and were living in Utah. She had always visited them on her vacation, but she felt that she didn't want to burden them by going to live with them. After all, they had their own families now.

Morning dawned bright and clear, and Emma found herself awake at the usual time. She was halfway out of bed before she realized that work was over for her. Unable to go back to sleep, she got up and fixed herself some breakfast then proceeded to clean the house. "I must keep busy," she reasoned.

Clara Harper knocked cheerfully on the screen door. "Anybody home?"

"Yes, Clara," Emma called. "I'm glad you came over. Do come in."

"My goodness. I saw you out shaking rugs to beat the band at seven o'clock this morning. You are supposed to be a lady of leisure now," Clara chided. "Are you planning to go visit your daughters right away?"

"I don't know, Clara. Both Sue and Rachel wrote and said that they would like me to stay with them indefinitely, but I can't do that. I like to visit them, but I have my own home. I have dreaded this day for so long. I knew that the factory would retire me when I became sixty-five. I feel just as if I have been put out to pasture, not much use to anyone any more. I guess that they don't consider my services to be of any value any more." Emma felt the same lonely, empty feeling creeping over her that she had experienced the previous day.

"Nonsense, Emma," Clara said.

"If you ask me, a person's value increases with age and experience. A lot of companies and places just aren't up on things. I know one thing for sure, they are losing a very valuable employee in losing you. I wonder how they intend to match your years of experience and artful sewing. Sewing is an art with you, you know."

"I really don't know about sewing being an art with me, Clara, but I do know that I was doing what I liked to do, what I wanted to do. Now I just simply don't know what to do with myself."

"Well, I know one thing that you can do this afternoon, and that is go to Relief Society meeting with me," Clara called as she walked toward the door. "I'll pick you up around 1:30. Okay?"

Emma nodded her approval. "I'll be ready."

"WHY, Sister McDowell, how nice having you come to meeting. I hope that you will be able to be with us all the time now," Sister Benton, the Relief Society president, said.

Emma had to admit that she enjoyed the meeting, and for a time she forgot her own problems as each of the sisters greeted her and made her feel welcome at the meeting. Her thoughts drifted back to the early years of her marriage. She would never miss a Relief Society meeting then. She had looked forward to them each week. Then, when tragedy struck her home, and she had gone to work, she had gradually lost contact with Relief Society.

Now what can I do? Emma pondered as she walked slowly up the path leading to her home. I've done my washing and ironing for the week, and my house is tidied up for the day. I guess that I could write some letters, but I would rather save that for this evening. I could walk down to the store and do some shopping, but I don't need anything until the week end. Oh, dear, if this is a sample of what my life is going to be, I don't know whether it is worth it or not.

The telephone rang, interrupting Emma's thoughts and quickening her pace to the house.

"Sister McDowell, this is Sister Shields. We met today at Relief Society." The voice on the other end of the line was pleasant.

"Yes, I remember you, Sister Shields," Emma answered.

"I couldn't help admiring the lovely dress that you had on today, and Sister Benton informs me that you made it yourself, and that you also design all of your own clothes."

"Yes, I do," Emma said questioningly.

"I was wondering if you would be interested in doing some sewing for me. I have two teen-aged daughters. You know how teen-agers are. They have ideas of their own," Sister Shields admitted.

"Yes, I know. I used to sew for my own daughters." Emma smiled, remembering.

"And then, if you have time, I would like some sewing done for myself. Oh, and my daughters said that they have some friends who would like some sewing done, too," Sister Shields continued. "Do you think that you would be willing?"

"Willing!" Emma responded, "why, Sister Shields, this is an answer to my prayers."

"I thought perhaps this evening I could bring the material and patterns over, if that would be convenient for you?" Sister Shields added.

"That would be just fine. I'll be home all evening."

EMMA hung up the telephone and glanced about her in disbelief. Already life had taken on a new perspective for her. As she was about to leave the room, there was a knock at the door.

"Oh, Sister McDowell, I'm glad that I found you home," Sister Benton called.

"My, what a pleasant surprise, Sister Benton. Do come in." Emma held the door open for Sister Benton. "It is certainly hot out there today, isn't it? Sit down, won't you."

"Yes, it is hot, pleasantly hot though," Sister Benton said as she sat down. "Sister McDowell, my counselors and I have talked it over this afternoon, and we would very much like to have you for our work meeting leader. You are so talented with your sewing that I am sure you would be of great value to the sisters in the ward. If you would like to think it over for a few days, and then give us your decision, that would be fine," Sister Benton spoke kindly to Emma.

Emma was silent for a moment. "There isn't any need to wait to give you my decision. Before my husband died, Sister Benton, I worked in the Relief Society a great deal, and then after his death I was forced to give it up. Now I would like very much to become active again. I would be happy to accept the position."

"Wonderful, Sister McDowell." Sister Benton seemed very pleased. "And we'll be very happy to have you working with us," she added.

Emma's heart fairly sang. Yesterday, Emma McDowell, you thought your life was finished and that you didn't have anything ahead. Now your life has taken on an entirely new meaning, and it has all come about through your membership in the Church, and the talent the Lord has given you. You are a lucky woman, Emma told herself.

Sarah Drake drove home from the factory alone that evening, and as she drove by Emma's house, she mused, poor Emma, I feel so sorry for her. She will just waste away now, without anything to do.

## *Child Blowing a Dandelion*

*Ida Elaine James*

Blow, little one, blow hard on the fluff!
If you close your eyes, and wish hard enough
There's a secret that nobody else may know,
But a dandelion, and a child to blow.

There's magic from furry, soft ball to stem;
A field full of wishes when children find them.
They wait to be held to the lips of a child,
Your little half-brothers, free and wild!

# *Sixty Years Ago*

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, September 1, and September 15, 1900

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

A WORD TO WOMEN: As the time of political Primaries and Conventions has come, considerable interest is awakened in regard to the questions of selecting candidates to fill the several offices of those whose term expires soon after the November election. . . . Women here have the same responsibility resting upon them as men . . . they should not forget the obligations they are under to the commonwealth and should therefore prove their loyalty to the public weal by prudent measures and careful thought in all their political efforts . . . they should see to it that good men are nominated. . . . The matter of registration is one of the most important things and there should be no carelessness . . . in this regard.

—Editorial

IN MEMORIAM: Sister Flora Clarinda Gleason Washburn died at the ripe old age of eighty-one years at Monroe, Utah. . . . She was born at Tolland, Berkshire County, Massachusetts in 1819. . . . Clarinda joined the Church in April, 1834, the only one of her father's family that ever embraced the Gospel. She received her endowments in Nauvoo . . . and was called to go to Macedonia, Illinois, and organize a Relief Society. . . . After the death of the Prophet . . . she started with the first company of Saints in search of a new home. . . . She harnessed, fed, and drove her own team part of the way, and arrived in Salt Lake City, October 18, 1848. Afterwards she married Abraham Washburn. . . . She removed to Sanpete County the following November . . . and gave birth to the first white child born in Sanpete County. . . . She was appointed a teacher in the first Relief Society of Manti, afterwards was made president, which office she held until she moved with her family to Monroe . . . in 1872. In November 1872 she was appointed president of the Relief Society of Monroe, which position she held until February 6, 1897, having won many a laurel to adorn her brow in the eternal world.

—From the Monroe Relief Society

O, BE JOYFUL!

O, be joyful, O, be joyful,
Sing ye Saints of Latter-days
Giving unto God the Father,
Adoration, love and praise. . . .

On the mountains ring the tidings,
In the East the glory breaks,
Ush'ring in the days of promise,
When the world from slumber wakes. . . .

—L. M. R.

TRAVELS OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY OFFICERS: Recently several visits have been made to the Relief Society conferences of the several Stakes. President Jane S. Richards and Josephine R. West attended Relief Society and Primary conference in Malad Stake. President M. Isabella Horne and Sister Harriet Ellis, the Relief Society conference in Millard Stake; Sister E. J. Stevenson and M. A. Caine, the R. S. and Y. L. of Parowan Stake, and Sister M. A. Caine, the R. S. and P. A. [Prohibition Association] of Panguitch Stake. President M. I. Horne and Sister H. Ellis also attended a special meeting of the Relief Society at Park City.

# Woman's Sphere

*Ramona W. Cannon*

ON June 27, Helen Keller celebrated her eightieth birthday with plans for increasing aid to the fourteen million blind people on earth — that they might become more able to help themselves and become better qualified to enjoy a greater portion of the richness of life. She spoke of her gratitude for the interest expressed all over the world in the "Helen Keller World Crusade for the Blind." She advised individuals to cultivate love, for "love is the light that gives the eye to see great and noble things."

QUEEN SIRIKIT of Thailand, who, it has been said, "looks like mandolins sound," accompanied her husband, King Bhumibol Adulyadej, on a recent four-week tour of the United States. He is the grandson of King Chulalongkorn of "The King and I" fame.

LADY NANCY ASTOR, who was born in Virginia and lived there during her youthful years, married a British peer and became Great Britain's first woman member of Parliament. She was a dynamic campaigner and member, and remained in the House of Commons for twenty-five years. Handsome and vigorous at eighty-one, she still makes speeches and otherwise participates in the challenging life about her.

OLIVE WOOLLEY BURT, a contributor to *The Relief Society Magazine*, is the author of *First Woman Editor: Sarah J. Hale* (Julian Messner, Publisher, New York). Mrs. Burt describes the life and times (nineteenth century America) of this gifted woman who was editor of *Ladies Magazine* and *Godey's Lady's Book*, and a pioneer in social service work. She combined a full literary and public career with the rearing of five children and providing for them after the death of her husband.

MRS. SIRIMA RATAWATTE DIAS BANDARANAIKE has been appointed premier of Ceylon. Mrs. Bandaranaike was sworn into office on July 21, 1960, by the Governor General Sir Oliver Goonetileke at his official residence. Mrs. Bandaranaike is a widow and the mother of three children.

LOUISE ARNER BOYD is the first woman to be elected to the council of the American Geographical Society in the 108 years since the organization of that society. Miss Boyd is an explorer of the polar regions and has written many books about her travels. In 1955 she flew her own plane over the North Pole. At the present time she is a member of more than forty American and foreign learned societies.

# EDITORIAL

VOL. 47 SEPTEMBER 1960 NO. 9

## *Enhancing the Joy of Family Living*

WITH most young couples it is necessary to weigh the spending of money carefully. There are always many more uses for which it seems desirable to spend money, than there is money to be spent.

Yet a provident mother will have in mind the need to spend money where it will bring the most lasting returns. It is her wish to provide opportunities and advantages for her children whether they live in a large urban center or where neighbors are few. It is the parents' responsibility, both through their daily conversation and interests and through the means they provide in their home, to foster widening horizons for their growing family.

One young wife received an anthology of children's books, profusely illustrated, for a wedding present. She took an ever-increasing pleasure in perusing it, recognizing favorite books she already knew and loved, and learning of other classics with which she was unacquainted. She arrived at a decision with her husband that in the coming years they would endeavor each month to buy a book for a child. As years of months passed, they garnered a rich harvest, and as each child married, he had the nucleus of a worthwhile library of his own; moreover, the books of each child had been shared by the others, so that the available knowledge was multiplied by each child during his formative years.

It was soon found that a child's encyclopedia and a child's dictionary needed to be labeled as "Family" books, to be freely used and cooperatively owned. Even the mother used the child's encyclopedia when she sought clarification on some subject, for the explanations were short and concise and usually sufficient for her needs. As soon as a child entered school, he was introduced to these two sources of learning, and his first interest in the pictures resulted in his frequent use of the texts, as time passed.

Ever-widening horizons would include for the child advancing in life, knowledge from books, appreciation for beauty in art and nature, and a kinship to the music of the world.

In large cities, children are offered youth programs in art. Trips to museums containing art treasures are fostered and attendance at exhibit lectures is encouraged. Today, however, museums offer courses and materials on art with which a mother can educate herself and impart to her children an appreciation and love for beauty of form and color. In addition, museums sell, at reasonable cost, small and large prints of world masterpieces. A child's room may be beautified by many of them. A frame in a family room may feature a picture to be changed periodically. By these means and others; children anywhere may grow up recognizing and appreciating beauty in art. An awareness of beauty in art arouses

an awareness of beauty in nature as well.

A comparable training can be given children in music. Youth concerts in large cities offer guided appreciation and familiarity with great music; however, a mother who desires to open the door for her children to the great classics, may purchase books and records which will train her to impart knowledge and appreciation to them. A few years ago a mark of refinement and a desire for the better things were shown by the possession of a piano. Around it the family gathered for family sings, and children, in turn, played accompaniments as they progressed in their music lessons. How few homes today, comparatively speaking, possess a piano! And yet an old organ or a secondhand piano would serve, where circumstances do not permit the purchase of a new instrument. With a piano, other instruments may be given different members of the family, according to their aptitudes and desires. Music, then, through its creation in the family, as well as listening to recordings of great composers, becomes an integral facet of family living.

Great literature, great art, and great music enhance the joy of family living. They are gifts of the Heavenly Father to his children everywhere. The mother first relates the story which never grows old, she first points out the beauty of the summer day, the glory of the star-studded heavens, she croons the lullaby to the babe in her arms, and sings praises to the Lord. The time she will spend in her life in study and in the guidance of her children will be a benediction to her labors. When her children are in dire distress, easement may come to them through the memory of another's trials, through the comfort of beauty, or through the healing balm of music. The Prophet Joseph sought solace previous to his martyrdom in the sweet singing of Elder John Taylor.

Today, and in the tomorrows, that mother who has served her children through these media will recognize that the pattern established and fostered by her and her husband continues to enrich and ennoble oncoming generations of the family as well.

—M. C. S.

## *What Liahona?*

*Iris W. Schow*

How shall we comprehend the universe?
For us what Liahona points the way
Across the parching desert we traverse?
What star leads to our Savior's feet today?

Where is the iron rod to bound our needs?
The cloud by day, the pillar for the night?
Whence is the tender force that intercedes
To guide our footsteps forward in the right?

Who seeks, will find the changeless iron rod;
The star of conscience still remains unblurred;
For, questing heart, the Word that was with God,
Left us the Liahona of his word.

# Best Sellers for the Bazaar

Jean Ridges Jennings

## A Gardening Apron

NOWADAYS gardening has become an almost universal hobby — and a fashionable one, too. What better gift can there be for many women than a gardening apron?

Aprons of all kinds are always popular. This one is a bit different from most. It is designed and made to be a good cover-up, is more sturdy than usual, and doubles as a handy tote-all. In addition to all this, it can have a useful removable kneeling pad which, for obvious reasons, is a fine help to the serious gardener.

A wide choice of appropriate materials is available in most stores. One could use any of the attractive sturdy fabrics that come in gay striped or floral patterns. Denims are ideal, as are sail cloth, Indian head, curtina, or other inexpensive drapery fabrics.

Choose a favorite combination of colors, having the apron all of one fabric or with contrasting waistband, ties, pockets, and kneeling pad. The pad should be covered with oilcloth or plastic to protect against ground moisture. If the apron fabric is a plain color, the pad could well be figured, but if the apron fabric is patterned, the pad should be of plain color.

An apron that ties around the waist gives protection where it is needed most, but if a bib is desired it can easily be added.

The waist-type apron requires one yard of fabric for the main part and one third yard more for the pockets. If a bib is made, add enough yardage to make it the size preferred. The kneeling pad calls for one-third yard of oilcloth or sturdy plastic, plus sheet cotton or kapok for padding.

Construct the apron as you would any waist-type apron except that, because of heavier fabric, it is better to use unpressed pleats than gathers to work in fullness at the waist.

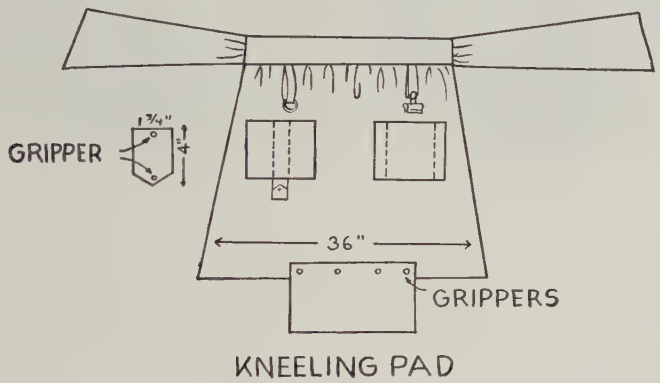
Make loops of fabric and sew under the waistband above the center of each pocket (see illustration). Before sewing them in place, loop one through the hole in a sturdy

office clip and the other through a metal ring. These will make handy places to hang various gardening paraphernalia. Underneath the bottom edge of each pocket, sew a fabric tab. Snap these up into a loop with gripper fasteners.

The pockets are made extra large to hold such things as clippers, trowels, cans of spray dust, or insecticide, and twine for tieing. Stitch them to the apron at intervals, making various sized compartments.

The kneeling pad is optional and is made like a flat pillow. It is best to have it detachable, fastening it to the apron by means of gripper fasteners.

For the loops under the waistband, use strips of fabric 2 inches by 8 inches. Fold in the raw lengthwise edges, then fold double and machine stitch all around to add strength. Make the tabs under the pockets 1¾ by 4 inches finished. Place gripper fasteners as shown in the illustration.




KNEELING PAD

## *Holders for Pans*

MANY of us are burn-prone in our kitchens. Even if we are not, we find in many cases that the ordinary holders for handling hot pans and kettles are insufficient protection.

A pot or pan that is very hot, or heavy and hot, will soon find the weakness or thin place in a crocheted or knitted pad. To solve this problem, make a hot pad holder that will be a popular item for sale at bazaars.

In addition to protection for the back of the hand, wrist, and lower arm, it has a well-padded grasping area. This eliminates the exasperating burns that happen so unexpectedly when reaching into an oven, possibly touching the top heating unit or grill. It even protects against steam that billows up from boiling water that is being drained off or poured.

These holders are gay and attractive, as well as easy to slip on and off the hand; moreover, they can be made from odd pieces of material in jig time.

Made in a novel way to suggest animals — one a bunny, another a fish — they are actually mitts that slip onto the hand and arm. The open mouths are made of thick padded material to protect the hand while grasping hot objects.

The accompanying diagrams show the sizes and shapes of the pieces to be used in making the bunny mitt. For sections A and B, use a heavy fabric such as corduroy or denim in a plain color. Make section C of padded or quilted material, contrasting in

color or pattern to sections A and B. Sections D are cut from the fabric used for A, and lined with a single thickness of C cloth.

Assemble, by first lining sections D and sew to section A by encasing raw edges in a narrow tuck made along dotted line E as shown in diagram. Next seam A and B together at sides as far as E, right sides together. Seam C to oval section of A and B, matching notches. Narrow hem the open end.

Turn right side out and press. Make small pompons of yarn in colors in fabric of C. Sew in place on C as shown.

Using the basic design for this mitt and a bit of imagination, many colorful and practical holders can be made from remnants.

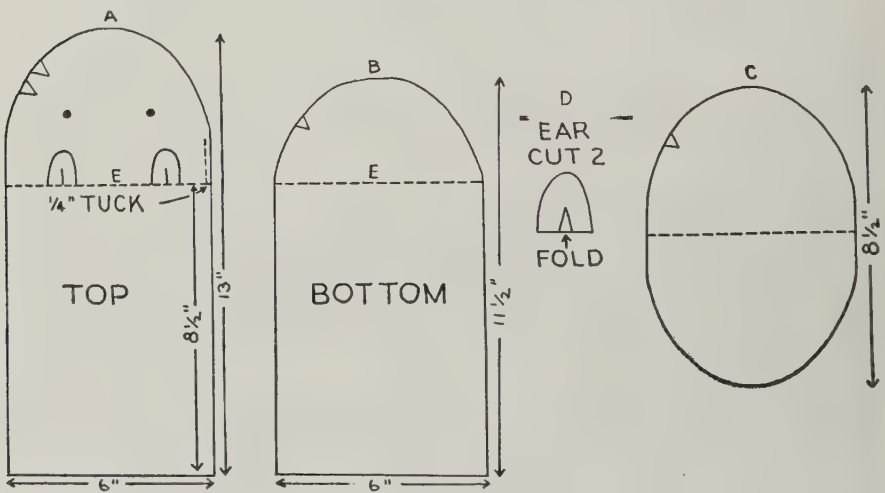



DIAGRAM FOR CUTTING MATERIALS FOR BUNNY PAN HOLDER
(in the center of the above illustration)

# A Loose-Leaf Cover

HERE is something planned especially for young girls when they reach the age of having many things to carry to school. This time usually comes when they have textbooks to take home, a loose-leaf notebook, lunch, and, in addition, they need a purse to hold pencils, handkerchief, comb, car fare, and the many other odd items that only a girl can want or need.

This boon for schoolgirls is a cover for a loose-leaf into which have been sewed pockets to hold the paraphernalia that normally requires a purse to carry. It not only eliminates the need for purses, but provides a safe carrying place for papers, pencils, erasers, and other things.

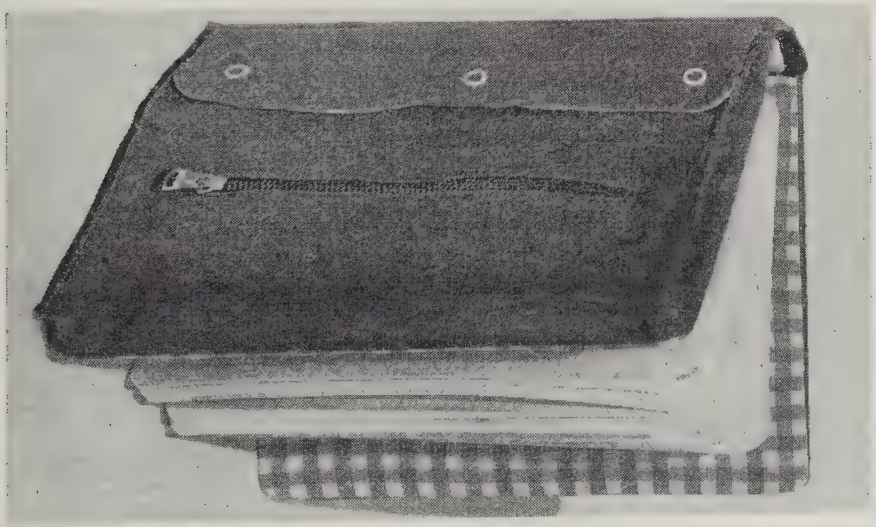
The cover is made of felt in any desired color and can be tailored to fit any size book. Lining the front and back covers forms an envelope into which they slip as any other book cover does. Make the lining of checkered chambray or gingham.

The important thing to watch in making these is to keep all steps in their proper order, otherwise confusion will result.

Start by measuring around the notebook from the front edge of the front cover to the front edge of the back cover. Then take the measurement from the top to the bottom edge of the book. From felt, according to these measurements, cut the cover as large as the entire book plus ⅛-inch for seams on all edges. Allow ¼-inch seams on outside edges of checkered lining. The accompanying illustration shows all pieces and their measurements to fit a loose-leaf size 7½ by 10 inches.

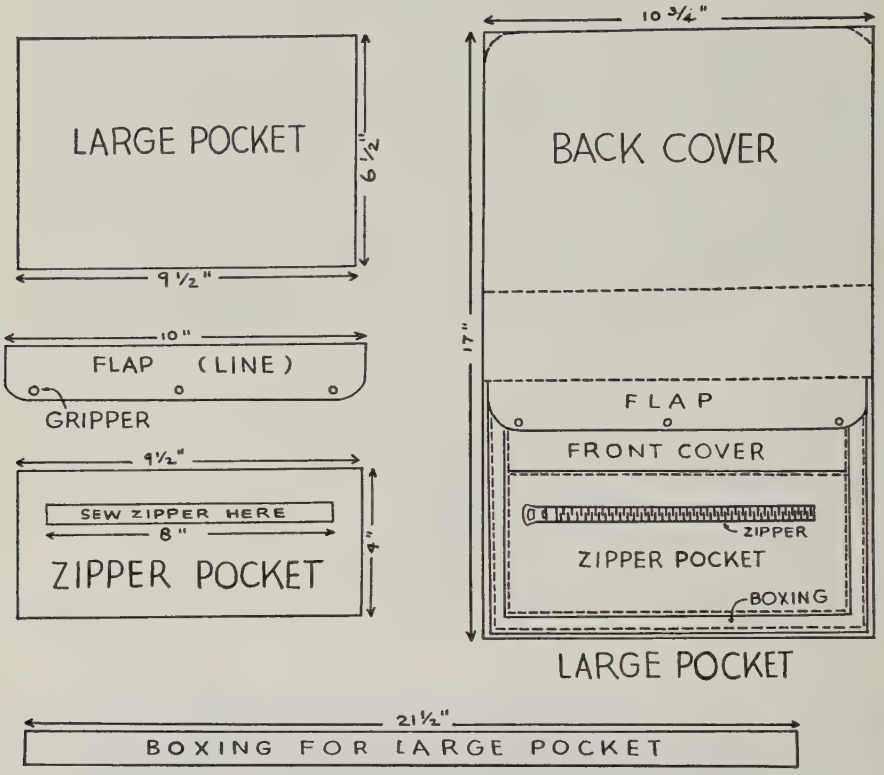
Assemble in the following order:

1. Insert zipper into smaller pocket (edges of felt do not need to be turned under).
2. Sew zippered pocket to bottom of large pocket.
3. Sew one inch boxing around sides and bottom edge of large pocket.
4. Sew free edge of boxing to front cover of book, ½ inch from outside edge.
5. Line flap with checkered material and sew to front directly above large pocket.
6. Attach gripper fasteners.



7. Sew lining to front and back covers, right sides together. Round corners to fit notebook. Have seams ⅛ inch in felt and ¼ inch in cotton lining.

8. Turn right side out and slip into place on loose-leaf. Hold the inside edge of lining firmly in place by sewing through lining, book, and cover at the bend in the cover.




## *Covers for Telephone Books*

THINKING of book covers calls to mind another idea along the same line — a felt cover for a telephone book. Here is an ideal "little" gift and an easy one.

Make it all of felt, covering the front and back pages inside and out, having seams around the outside edges. Keep raw edges outside and then pink close to the machine stitching.

For added convenience, make a pocket, inside the front cover, with two sections, one for note paper and a slot for pencil.

Machine embroider the word "Telephone" on the front cover — or applique the word in lettered cutouts. You may want to further decorate the cover with initials or other embroidered or appliqued designs. Do, however, keep them simple.

# Freezing Foods at Home

*Ruby K. Smith*

HOW would you like to serve fresh strawberries from your garden for a strawberry shortcake at Christmas time? Or reserve the prize catch of the summer fishing season for a dinner of fresh trout in January? If your home is equipped with a freezer, such modern miracles may be taken for granted. Even the freezing section of your refrigerator may be large enough to provide many such treats. Or, if the freezing equipment in the home is inadequate, a locker in a nearby frozen food locker plant may be pressed into service.

In pioneer days, when fresh foods could be enjoyed only in season, who could have foreseen the home-making marvels of our day! Now, the products of our gardens and orchards are never "out of season," if we make good use of our modern freezing equipment.

Freezing is a safe, easy way to preserve almost any fresh food, including fruits, vegetables, meat, poultry, game, fish, baked goods, and casserole dishes. As frozen foods are usually prepared for the table before freezing, and can be made ready for serving on short notice, they are invaluable timesavers for the housewife.

Foods which are properly packaged in moisture-vapor-proof containers, and quickly frozen, will retain the natural color, fresh flavor, and nutritive value of the fresh food. It is important to select newly harvested products, however, when the quality is at its best, as freezing will not improve the quality.

When buying containers to package foods for freezing, it is economical to select those which can be re-used. A few examples are freezer containers of glass, aluminum, or plastic, and polyethylene bags. Freezer-weight aluminum foil, cellophane, or laminated paper — sealed with freezer tape — may be used to wrap many foods. Ordinary household foil, cellophane, or waxed paper, and cottage cheese and ice-cream cartons, should not be used, as they cannot be made moisture-proof.

Food should always be cold when it is packed for freezing, and it should be packed tightly, to permit a minimum of air in the package. Since liquid expands as it freezes, however, head space must be allowed when liquid and semi-liquid foods are packed. (For pint containers, ½ inch is recommended.) As soon as the food is packed, it should be sealed immediately with an air-tight seal. Each package should then be plainly labeled, giving name of food, date, and any other helpful information. It is then ready for quick freezing and storage.

It is well to have a yearly freezing plan, in order to use the freezer space to the best advantage. Since commercially frozen foods may be purchased at any time, they should be obtained only when needed. A freezer should be well stocked with the most practical foods for family use, and foods which have been stored the longest should be eaten first. There should always be freezer space for the short-time stor-

age of baked foods, casserole dishes, lunch-box sandwiches, and special foods for parties. If the homemaker has enough of these on hand, she will always be prepared for unexpected company.

## *Freezing Fruits*

Fruits may be frozen whole if they are small, or they may be sliced, diced, crushed, or prepared as purees or fruit juices. They are packed in one of three ways, depending on the type of fruit and the way it is to be used. Fruits to be used for desserts are usually packed in syrup, while dry sugar packs are better if the fruit is to be used for cooking. Unsweetened packs are often prepared for special diets, but in the case of such fruits as cranberries, currants, and gooseberries, no sugar is needed for a good quality product. For syrup packs, a medium syrup (3 cups sugar to 4 cups water) is recommended for most fruits, although a lighter syrup (1 cup sugar to 2 cups water) is better for some mild-flavored fruits. Heavier syrups may be needed for very sour fruits.

Ascorbic acid (vitamin C) should be used with apples, apricots, peaches, and pears to prevent discoloration. In general, ¼ teaspoon ascorbic acid powder is sufficient with 2 cups of syrup; however, since ascorbic acid comes in both tablet and crystalline form, and may be purchased wherever freezing supplies are sold, it should be used as directed on the label.

To use frozen fruit, thaw in unopened container, in refrigerator or at room temperature. Do not thaw more than you plan to use at one time. Most fruits have the best color and flavor if they are still a little icy when served.

### Fruit-freezing Hints

*Apples* — Freeze apples from the home orchard to avoid the high cost of fresh apples in winter. Select those which are crisp and firm rather than mealy. Use a syrup pack if they are to be sliced or diced for serving fresh (in fruit cup, for instance), but if they are to be used for cooking, slice or quarter and use a dry sugar pack. Treat with ascorbic acid. Applesauce, sweetened to taste, may be frozen.

*Apricots* — Scald for 1 minute. Cool in ice water. Peel if desired. Halve and pit. Pack in medium ascorbic acid syrup. For apricot puree, heat to boiling, and press through a sieve. Sweeten to taste.

*Berries* — Pack whole berries in medium syrup. If they are sliced or crushed, use dry sugar pack (1 cup sugar to 5 or 6 cups fruit). Before packing, stir gently until juice is formed.

*Cherries* — Pack whole, sweet cherries in medium syrup. Pit and pack sour cherries in dry sugar pack. Sweeten to taste. They may be left whole or crushed.

*Cranberries* — Pack dry, without sugar. If fresh cranberries are purchased in plastic bags, they are already packed for freezing. For cranberry puree, cook berries until skins pop, then press through sieve. Sweeten to taste.

*Fruit Cup* — Use any combination of fruit except bananas. Pack in medium syrup.

*Fruit Juices — Citrus* — Ream with juicer on low speed. Strain and chill at once. Add sugar to taste.

*Non-Citrus* — Crush soft fruit and simmer over low heat, if necessary, to start the flow of juice. Strain through a cloth bag. Add sugar to taste.

Fruit juices may be frozen in ice-cube trays, then cubes of frozen juice may be packaged in bags to store in freezer.

*Melons* — Scoop out balls or cut in cubes. Add medium syrup or freeze sweetened or unsweetened with citrus juice.

*Peaches* — Peel by hand for best looking product, or scald 1 minute to loosen skins. Chill, peel, and pit. Slice into medium ascorbic acid syrup, or use dry sugar pack with ascorbic acid.

*Pears* — Peel, core, and cut in halves or quarters. Pack in medium ascorbic acid syrup.

*Plums and Prunes* — Cut in halves and pit. Use either syrup or dry sugar pack. Purees may be made from either heated or unheated fruit, depending on softness of fruit. If heated, chill before pressing through sieve. Sweeten to taste.

## Freezing Vegetables

Only those vegetables which are to be cooked before serving are recommended for freezing. Salad vegetables, (lettuce, celery, radishes, cucumbers, cabbage, etc.) would not retain their crispness after freezing.

All vegetables should be blanched or scalded before freezing, to stop the action of enzymes. (Before vegetables are picked, enzymes help them to mature, but after picking, they cause loss of flavor and color).

Only very young, garden-fresh vegetables should be frozen.

To prepare vegetables for freezing, trim and cut them as you would for serving, wash in cold water, place in wire basket or colander (1 pound at a time), and immerse in a large kettle of briskly boiling water for the number of minutes recommended, chill quickly and thoroughly in ice water, drain, and package. Freeze at once.

To use frozen vegetables, always start to cook them while they are still frozen — except in the case of corn on the cob, which should be thawed, then steamed. Place package of frozen vegetables in covered saucepan with ¼ to ⅓ cup of salted water. Start on high heat until water boils, then break block of icy vegetables with fork, and switch to low heat. Cook 3 to 15 minutes, depending on size and variety of vegetable. *Do not overcook.*

### Vegetable-freezing Hints

*Asparagus* — Cut stalks to fit container, or in 1-inch pieces. Blanch 2 to 3 minutes.

*Beans* — Green or wax beans may be left whole, sliced lengthwise, or cut in 1-inch pieces. Lima beans are sorted according to size. Blanch 2 to 3 minutes.

*Broccoli or Cauliflower* — Separate heads into sections for serving, and soak in salt water for ½ hour to remove insects. Blanch 3 to 4 minutes.

*Corn on the Cob* — Prepare as for serving. Blanch 6 to 10 minutes. Chill after blanching 12 to 20 minutes.

*Corn—Whole Kernel or Cream Style*— Blanch corn on cob 3 to 4 minutes, then cut kernels from cob.

*Greens* — Select young tender leaves, and remove thick stems. Blanch 2 minutes in large quantity of water. Avoid matting of leaves.

*Peas* — Shell, and discard overripe peas. Blanch for 1 minute.

*Pumpkin or Winter Squash* — Cook and mash, as for serving or pie-making. Cool by placing pan in ice water.

*Sweet Potatoes* — Cook until almost done. Peel. Cut in halves, slice, or mash. To keep them from darkening, add a little orange or lemon juice.

*Turnips* — Peel and dice. Blanch for 2 minutes.

## Meats for the Home Freezer

One of the essentials of a well-stocked home freezer is a supply of meat. For non-farm families, the high cost of individual meat purchases may be overcome by making quantity purchases of meat and poultry when supplies are plentiful. Or the family sportsman may obtain a year's supply of fish, game, and venison during the fishing and hunting season. In either case, the cleaning, chilling, aging, butchering, and packaging of the meat is usually done by a professional processing company which makes a specialty of preparing meat for home storage. Farm families who must do their own processing, may secure all the information they need from experts through Government bulletins or directions from agricultural colleges.

Before the meat is placed in the home freezer, each package should be well-wrapped with an airtight seal, and it

should be well-labeled — giving kind and cut of meat, date, and number of servings.

When the meat is used, it requires about twice as long to roast it, if placed in the oven in a frozen state. For that reason, it is usually thawed first. Allow 5 hours per pound to thaw meat in the refrigerator, or 2 hours per pound at room temperature. Then proceed as you would for fresh meat.

## Freezing Baked Foods

*Cakes* — All kinds of cakes may be frozen after they are baked and cooled, and they may be stored for 3 or 4 months. This makes it possible to prepare fancy cakes for special occasions long before the last-minute rush.

Unfrosted cakes are wrapped for freezing as soon as they are cooled. Frosted cakes, however, are frozen before they are wrapped. (Uncooked frostings freeze best).

Thaw cakes at room temperature, allowing 3 or 4 hours for a large frosted cake. Cup cakes will thaw in 15 to 20 minutes.

*Cookies* — *Baked cookies* may be stored for 6 months.

*Unbaked Cookies* may be stored for 3 months. They may be prepared in the following ways:

(1) Roll dough and cut cookies. Stack with freezer paper between layers. Bake without thawing.

(2) Wrap and freeze dough in smooth roll. Slice while still frozen, and bake.

(3) Freeze unbaked drop cookies on cookie sheet. When frozen, package in cartons with freezer paper between layers. Bake without thawing.

*Pies and Pastries* — Pies and pastries freeze very well, either baked or unbaked. Storage time varies from 2 months for unbaked berry pies to 6 months for baked mince pies.

*Baked pies* may be wrapped for freezing as soon as they are cool. To use, place in moderate oven just long enough to heat through (30 to 40 minutes).

*Unbaked pies* are often frozen before they are wrapped — especially open-faced pies. When ready to use, cut vents in top crust of two-crust pies, and bake without thawing. Allow 15 or 20 minutes extra baking time.

*Bread and Rolls* — *Baked Bread and Rolls* may be stored in freezer 5 or 6 months. Thaw in storage wrappings at room temperature. If rolls are to be served hot, thaw in paper bag in slow oven for 30 minutes.

*Unbaked Bread and Rolls* — Shape dough in baking pans as though for immediate baking. Grease well, wrap, and freeze until needed. Freeze Parker House or other fancy rolls before wrapping. Storage time — one week. When ready to use, thaw at room temperature until double in bulk. Bake as fresh rolls or bread.

## Lunch-box Sandwiches

To avoid the necessity of making sandwiches each morning, prepare enough for a week or two at one time. Spread both slices of bread with plenty of butter or butter substitute to protect them from the moisture in the filling. Use a variety of fillings, made of meat, fish, cheese, etc., combined with any preferred relish or dressing. If the sandwiches are to be stored more than 4 days, use moisture-vapor-proof wrappings. Store in special school-lunch section of the freezer, with cookies, individual cartons of fruit, and other lunch-box specialties. Pack lunches while they are still frozen, and they will be perfectly thawed by noontime.

## Freezing Cooked Main Dishes

Most combinations of cooked foods, including stews, baked beans, meat loaves, and casserole dishes, may be successfully frozen and stored in the freezer for at least two months. Creamed dishes, however, such as chicken *a la king*, should be used within a month.

To be prepared for any emergency, prepare such dishes in quantity, and freeze them in one-meal portions. If they are frozen in foil-lined baking dishes, they may be removed and packaged in bags for storage, then quickly returned to the same dishes for reheating. In this way, frequently used baking dishes may be kept in circulation. Soups may be frozen in

ice-cube trays, then removed and packaged in bags for storage.

Some ingredients are better if they are slightly under-done for freezing, in order to avoid overcooking when they are reheated for serving. It is better to add crumb and cheese toppings just before reheating. Cooked meats are usually prepared with gravy for freezing.

For a perfect meat pie, add a biscuit or pastry topping to a meat and vegetable stew. These toppings will be more tender and flaky if they are unbaked when frozen.

### *TV Plate Dinners*

Prepare your own plate dinners for a TV party ahead of time, and freeze until needed. In that way, you may have your own home-cooked vegetables, meat, gravy, etc. Prepare aluminum foil plates, assembly-line fashion, and cover with household foil to freeze. Reheat in hot oven, without removing cover. Serve immediately.

## *Are You Happy?*

*Marvel Sharp Crookston*

I once met an acquaintance who went around shaking hands to greet people, and had the disconcerting habit of asking, point blank and without preliminary, "Are You happy?"

Being confronted with so self-searching a question in return for a casual handshake and a smile, has something of the effect of a rug being jerked from under you. Possibly he had a few "no" answers (from the same people who eagerly enumerate a literal list of ailments in response to every "How-do-you-do?"), but I doubt he had many unequivocal "yes" answers.

More often, it was, "Well—uh—yes, I guess so," or "Oh, happy as most, I suppose," or "Well, some days are better than others." My own completely unexpected encounter the first time I ever met the man set me to thinking. I'm not at all sure how I answered him in a purely social response, but I went home and really thought about it.

I had "a perfect marriage," my husband had good career prospects, we had two sweet baby daughters, and not one single reason *not* to be happy. Yet I couldn't honestly say that I spent most of the time in a "happy" frame of mind.

What was wrong? At least I knew something *should* be done to correct the situation. Later (as the Relief Society literature teacher in our November 1955 class), I found the philosophy aptly expressed in the words of Robert Louis Stevenson, "Man's highest duty is to be happy."

Our Constitution gives us the "right" to pursue happiness, but how many of us consider it a duty? When the Lord commanded us to stand on our feet and bear testimony of our blessings, his was not a petty purpose in wanting to be thanked for his bounty. He wanted us to give thought to these things; to *dwell* on the good things in our lives, to be conscious of the many things for which we can be appreciative.

Then, the little irritations and minor difficulties around which we must constantly adjust our lives, fall into their correct perspective. By giving them only passing notice, while our thoughts are mostly taken up by being grateful for all the wonderful goodness of the Lord in permitting us to live upon the earth in this way, we find ourselves with a happy feeling of well-being.

Paul wrote, ". . . whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." As another man put it, "Happiness comes from an attitude of gratitude."

My friend passed on a few years ago, but when we meet in the hereafter, and he puts out a friendly hand and asks, "Are you happy?" I hope I shall be able to shake that hand firmly and look him straight in the eye with the answer, "Indeed I am."

# Something Different for Dinner

*Emma A. Hanks*

## Shrimp Salad

4 lbs. shrimp (medium size)
2 celery sticks, cut in thin slices
1 large onion, sliced
4 carrots, cut in cubes
salt to taste
pepper to taste

Clean and devein the shrimp. Cover with water and cook until tender. In a separate pot steam the vegetables with salt and pepper until tender, but not soft. Drain the shrimp and place in refrigerator. Place vegetables in refrigerator in separate container. Prepare Thousand Island dressing.

## Thousand Island Dressing

1 c. mayonnaise
1 c. chili sauce
1 tbsp. hot sauce
1 tsp. prepared mustard
1 large onion (finely chopped)
6 large sweet pickles (finely chopped)

Mix together above ingredients. Pour ¾ of the sauce over chilled shrimp. Place shrimp on a bed of vegetables. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs. Serve with hot garlic bread.

If you like more salad dressing, pour remainder of salad dressing in a dish and serve at the table. Shrimp and vegetables can be cooked and prepared ahead of time and put together when ready to serve. Dressing can be used on head lettuce or on other salads. Makes a one dish meal for a hot day. Serves 12. For 6 servings, cut ingredients in half. —*Millie Schwarz*

## Texas Pecan Pie

⅓ c. flour
⅔ c. sugar
¼ tsp. salt
2 c. milk, scalded
2 slightly beaten egg yolks
2 tbsp. butter
1 nine-inch pastry shell
2 stiffly beaten egg whites
1 c. pecans, whole or chopped
chocolate syrup
whipped cream

Mix flour, sugar, and salt; gradually add milk. Cook in double boiler until thick, about ten minutes, stirring constantly. Cook five more minutes. Cool; add butter and vanilla. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into cooled baked pastry shell. Sprinkle one layer of whole or chopped pecans over cream filling, then pour desired amount of chocolate syrup over pecans. Spread with sweetened whipped cream before serving. —*Marilyn Young*

## Easy Tacos

12 tortillas
12 slices of cheese
salad made of lettuce, tomatoes, and onions
canned or homemade chili

Fry tortillas quickly (not until crisp) and fold in half. Fill with salad and half slice of cheese. Top with other half of cheese and a generous spoon or two of chili. Serve on a hot plate with beans, tamales, or enchiladas. —*Wanda Kalana*

### Chicken Spaghetti

1 hen
1 bunch celery
1 large onion
1 large green pepper
1 quart whole tomatoes
2 large packages spaghetti
2 bay leaves
½ tsp. cumin seed
2 tsp. shortening
button mushrooms (if desired)

Stew the hen until meat falls off the bones. Remove bones and discard. Take out chicken meat and set aside. Cook spaghetti in chicken broth. Cook finely chopped onion, celery, green pepper, and cumin seed in 2 tsp. shortening in frying pan, until transparent, do not brown. Add this, along with cut-up chicken and tomatoes, to cooked spaghetti. Add bay leaves and let simmer for five to ten minutes. Place in baking dish and cover top with grated cheese. Brown in oven at 350° F. Serves 12.

## *Grandmother's Art*

*Lula Walker*

"My art work," Grandma used to laugh and say
And put her mending box away.
For fancywork she had no flair,
Like knitting tidies for a chair.
But when elbows came poking through,
We marveled at what she could do.
A barbed wire rent, a hole in cloth
Invaded by some wily moth
Sent Grandma flying for her needle.
Each tattered raveling she could wheedle
Right back into its proper place.
At home with socks or dainty lace,
A work-day shirt or Sunday dress,
Grandma mended with finesse
Each broken thread, each tiny part,
And who can say it wasn't art?

# *A Problem, a Pet, and the Picture*

*Louise Morris Kelley*

MYRENE McDowell tried to put last night's argument out of her mind; but her husband's final remark followed her about as she dressed and prepared breakfast.

"The trouble with you is you won't face the fact that our family is in trouble. If you'd stop to think about it, Myrene, we're not at all the sort of family we started out to be."

She set a copper chafing dish on the table for scrambled eggs. Yellow snapdragons in a black vase matched the yellow cobbler's apron she wore over a slim black skirt. Both were a striking splash in the beige and white decor that had been especially created to complement her smoke-blonde hair.

Maybe Del is sorry we have this fabulous apartment in Belmont Towers instead of some cracker box "rose covered cottage." Well, I'm not. I'm glad his success in photography has allowed us to have some of the niceties of life, she thought. Aloud, she called, "Phillip, are you dressing?"

Her son came out of his bedroom, negative electrical charges preceding him. "I am not going to school today. I am not going."

Myrene did not intend to take him seriously. "Really, Phillip? Why not?" She poured his orange juice and served his breakfast plate.

"You know why not." He looked as if he might cry.

"Then I must have forgotten." She hoped he wouldn't cry. It made her feel unsure of how to cope with him.

"You know what today is."

"Of course, dear," she bluffed, "today is the day that your class — or is it your whole school — is going to. . . ."

"And I still don't have one." He was going to manage not to cry. He was going to be stubborn. His face became red between the freckles, and unshed tears made his blue eyes brilliant. "It isn't just for the pet show. I've always wanted a brown woolly dog."

"You know The Towers will not allow pets." She added, to herself, they barely tolerate children.

"Son, I offered to buy you a lovely aquarium of rare and expensive tropical fish."

"Huh! You can't pet a fish. I told you Bobby has a parakeet." He pushed the scrambled eggs around on his plate. "They're not woolly. But at least they get to know you and all."

"You know how I feel about birds. And it isn't as if you were old enough to take the responsibility of keeping the cage clean."

He pushed his plate away, picked up his jacket, and left for his day at second grade, leaving his mother worried about his lack of appetite, relieved that he had gone to school, and unhappy because he had not kissed her goodbye.

She ran down the hall and caught up with him by the elevator. "Phillip, I know something that will make you happy. Daddy might come to your school today to take pictures. Any boy can bring a pet to school. But you're the only one at school that has a Daddy who

takes pictures for the biggest magazines in the country. You watch for Daddy and don't worry about those silly pets."

He nodded, but would not look at her.

AS she re-entered their apartment, Del came out of the darkroom he had improvised in Phillip's bathroom. His large frame was barnacled about with the tools of his trade. Whether he used the 35 mm. slung around his neck or the 4x5 grasped by his left hand, critics agreed that Del McDowell's was "The camera with the understanding heart." A camera in Del's hands had the ability to see through the outward appearance of people young, old, simple, or sophisticated, and record their inner hopes and yearnings.

"I'm out of fast film," he muttered. "I'll need it on this public school assignment. Have to hurry and pick some up before my first appointment."

"Sit down and eat," Myrene urged. "Your health is more important than what kind of film you use. I'm sure you're clever enough to use something you have on hand as a substitute."

He continued toward the door. "We substitute too much. We've filled our lives with substitutes for the things we really want."

"Philosophy on an empty stomach?" she mocked. But he had already gone. Her menfolk were certainly giving her trouble this morning. Perhaps she should be giving them vitamins.

She put a stereo record on the player and busied herself with tidying up the apartment, a task soon completed and becoming daily less satisfying to her. She looked at, without really seeing, a new fashion magazine. She tried her hair in new arrangements, but none of them lifted the lines of discontent from her pretty face.

Finally, she tried calling some of her old friends, neighbors she had known before they moved to Belmont Towers. None of the three was home. Tuesday morning. Oh, yes, one of them was a Relief Society president now, and she had asked the other two women to work with her.

That had been the cause of another bitter argument between Del and Myrene. "Well, I can't go to everything," she had protested.

"Then attend Relief Society as you used to, and cut out these social clubs."

"But, Del, I'm joining them as much for you as for me. That's where I can meet women whose husbands could be very useful to you in placing your work."

Del's reply to that had been unforgivable. Now that his reputation was made, strictly on the quality of his work, she admitted, perhaps she should do as Del said. She was not as happy in her frantic social schedule as she used to be at Relief Society meeting. But she was so involved now.

As if to substantiate that thought, the phone rang. It was her women's club president, asking her to be chairman of the fall fashion show.

"We always say," the woman gushed, "that when we have a problem, the one to get is Myrene McDowell. You are never one to wring your hands or dilly-dally. Once you understand what the problem is, you wade right in and

do what has to be done. That's why we need you."

"I don't know." Myrene stared at the door through which her husband had gone. "We might not be here then."

"My dear, you're not giving up that lovely apartment? If you are, let me be the first to know. My daughter is on the waiting list, you know."

"Oh, it's nothing definite. Let me call you back later."

She hung up the phone and walked over to the window. Below her, the outlines of the sprawling city were obscured by the haze from industrial smokestacks and a million auto exhausts. She drew the drapes and turned toward the perfectly proportioned living room. Now why did I say a stupid thing like that? I have no intention of giving up this place. It's everything any woman ever wanted.

DEL came home and developed his negatives.

They ate lunch in silence. Myrene could feel an unspoken hostility in Del, and she was content to let it remain unspoken. This argument about a pet for Phillip — Del and son against her — had actually become a test battle for all the arguments they had had. Arguments about the apartment versus a house, about social life crowding out Church activities, about Phillip and whether they were giving him the things he needed most.

It was the first time she had ever analyzed the arguments and set them up in a row. They made a pattern that way. Almost, you might say, the pattern of a problem. It was a problem she still did not want to admit, because once admitted she would have to do something about it. The club president was right. She was that kind of woman.

She sought a diversion. "Can I go in the darkroom and watch you print?"

Del was surprised. It used to fascinate her, but she hadn't bothered recently.

He locked the door behind them from force of habit, took a negative off the drying clip. After adjusting the enlarger, he turned on the safe light and put a sheet of paper in the easel. "You'll be interested in this one. Our son's pet show. One of the kids didn't have a pet so he picked up a substitute."

He flicked the enlarger light on and off, set the timer, and slid the paper into the developing tray in an easy flow of motion.

Myrene rocked the tray gently, sloshing the solution over the paper. The timer ticked off the seconds. Gray areas appeared faintly on the print and gradually deepened. It was undeniably Phillip. Myrene sucked in her breath.

"This is one the public will never see." Del put his arm around her waist.

The print was full depth now, and he flicked it into the stop bath. Yes, it was Phillip's face. But more than Phillip's face, it was Phillip's loneliness. Cupped in his two little hands was his substitute pet. And his large, wistful eyes seemed to accuse Myrene:

"My mother would give me nothing, so by myself I found the best

I could — this brown, soft, woolly caterpillar."

"Hey, wife, stop crying." Del's tone was tender. "You'll dilute the hypo."

It would not have been like Myrene to make a confessional speech. She only said, "Want to go house hunting?"

"Three bedrooms, plus darkroom?" he asked hopefully.

"At least three bedrooms," she agreed. "Plus family room. Plus doghouse."

His kiss of appreciation told her they were on the way to being the kind of family they ought to be . . . a happy one.

*Mary Bartholomew Stewart Makes Her Home Beautiful With Handwork*

MARY Bartholomew Stewart, Provo, Utah, is multiple-gifted in making lovely decorative accessories for the home. She upholstered the chair in which she is sitting, and has upholstered many other pieces of furniture. The unusual rugs shown in the picture were made from small scraps of heavy material sewed in rows very close together. Mrs. Stewart has designed and quilted many quilts of exquisite workmanship, she knits and crochets, paints figurines, and works with plastic foam. She is a talented seamstress and has made many wedding dresses and dresses for bridesmaids. She has been called "a woman with versatile fingers."

In Relief Society she has held many positions, both in the wards and in the stakes of her home city. She has been president, counselor, secretary, and has been class leader in all the different educational programs. At present she is theology class leader in the Seventh Ward Relief Society of Provo Stake. She is the mother of eleven children, grandmother to thirty-five, and great-grandmother to twelve. Her gifts of handwork adorn the homes of the members of her family and the homes of her many friends.

# Orchids in the Snow

## Chapter 5

*Rosa Lee Lloyd*

Synopsis: Sharon and Sam Wynter, newlyweds from Utah, make many friends in Fairbanks, Alaska, including Angus McFarland, a widower, and his daughter Marie, and Susan Elg from Bristol Bay who has brought her husband Herman to the hospital for an operation. Sharon also meets Sister Jensen, President of the branch Relief Society, who rents the couple a log cabin. Sister Jensen takes Sharon to visit Mary Billings, who is blind. Sam, an engineer, goes on a trip to the North, Sister Jensen goes to visit her daughter in Nome, and Sharon is left alone in the cabin.

SHARRY stood near the door clenching her small, firm fists. She could hear two dogs barking, then a girl's voice saying: "Shush, you two! Don't act so important!"

*Marie!* It was Marie McFarland!

Sharry swung the door wide open, encircling Marie in her eager arms.

"You'll never know," she said, "how scared I was!"

"Are you alone?" Marie asked.

"Sam's on a trip," Sharry said. She felt something push against her legs. She looked down into Nuzzle's appealing eyes.

"Oh, you darling!"

She picked him up and he cuddled close to her with a contented whine.

"He's yours!" Marie said. "Daddy warned me not to fall in love with him because he had chosen you. Anyway, I have this good old husky Fudge. He's my lead dog when I drive sled in Bristol."

"Are they hungry?" Sharry questioned.

"Let's not spoil them," Marie answered. "Leave them on the porch."

She surveyed the inside of the cabin from the doorway. "Really great! I love it, Sharry. It's no place for these dogs."

"We have a doghouse," Sharry said, "but we've been too busy to clean it."

"The porch is all right," Marie said, following her inside. "Where did you get this gorgeous quilt?"

She took off her parka and gloves. "Hang these up — I don't want to put them on it."

Sharry laughed. "Don't be silly. It's to be used, Mama told me. She thinks the time to keep things for relics is after they have served practically. Relics should be old and worn, she says."

Marie pursed her lips. "I never thought of it that way before," she said. "But it would be funny to have a museum full of things that had never been used. So here goes!"

She flopped on the lounge, stuffing a pillow under her head.

"Solid comfort," she sighed. "That's what I crave. Beauty, too. But comfort is what men like, Sharry. I've noticed that my dad has everything in our house in Bristol arranged for comfort."

"Yes, Sam's that way, too," Sharry agreed. "I'm different. I'll sacrifice comfort for beauty lots of times. Tell me, how is your father?"

"He's fine — only worried." Marie's voice gentled. "About Uncle Herman, I mean. Doctors don't

have much hope since his operation. About three months, they said. Daddy is still in Anchorage with them. They'll go home as soon as Uncle Herman can travel. They are as close as brothers, Sharry. They were young boys together working here in Alaska. Everything they have they earned themselves, fighting the sea and the weather. Uncle Herman is not quite as tall as Daddy, but he's broad and sturdy, with blond hair and fair skin and the dearest smile. He looks like a Viking but he is a music man at heart, a poet kind of man. He would work all day on the icy waters of Bristol Bay, then come home at night and read Walt Whitman or play his old violin that belonged to his father. He has a guitar, too. He taught the villagers to square dance — and now . . ." her voice faltered, "we can't bear to lose him, Sharry."

"I know," she said. "How can we help them?"

"With our love and prayers," Marie said. "And we must write them about everything. Mama Sue loves to get letters. When she's in Bristol she meets the plane that brings the mail and the newspapers. Swen sends the New York papers. Uncle Herman loves music so. . . ."

MARIE sat up, her eyes brightening.

"I saw something I want in the wish-book yesterday. A guitar. And they'll send you weekly lessons. You can pay by the month. Let's do it, Sharry."

"Sounds like fun," Sharry said. "I play the organ at Church. A guitar might be easy for me. I'll ask Sam."

"Then it's a deal!" Marie said. "We need music in faraway places like Bristol, where there's no radio or television. We have radios in the schoolhouses to send messages and receive them, but we need music in our homes. I want to play something, so if I have to live in a faraway place when I get married I can take my music with me."

Sharry's eyes widened. "Marie, are you going to be married? Right away, I mean?"

"I wish I were! I've set my heart on a certain boy ever since I was a little girl. But that's the trouble. He still thinks of me as a little girl. Maybe he has a girl, by now."

She got to her feet, walking back and forth. "Let's not talk about it," she said. "It breaks me up."

Sharry changed the subject. "We appreciated your apartment," she said. "It was so kind of you."

"I was glad to have you there. We like you and Sam. How long will he be gone?"

Sharry shook her head. "I don't know. And I don't know where he is. They have found an important metal somewhere — it's a secret."

"Would you like me to stay with you until he comes home?" Marie asked.

"I'd love it! There's a potluck dinner at the branch tonight. We can go. What shall we take?"

"How about fried wild rabbit? I've been craving some. It's perfect now."

"Not for me!" Sharry said. "But I'll fry it for you. Then I'll make Sam's favorite chocolate cake, just in case he gets home in time."

Marie gave her a quizzical smile. "You won't even taste our favorite dishes, so you don't know whether you like them or not," she said.

"Anyway — let's get busy. First, we should write those letters for the guitars — they come collect. Then we can go up to my apartment. I want you to see a new sweater I'm knitting. You can make one just like it, if you like mine."

THEY were busy all afternoon, but by six o'clock everything was ready for the potluck dinner. Sharry had fried the rabbit the same way as chicken, and when she heaped the casserole with the golden brown pieces she thought how Sam would enjoy it. No doubt she would enjoy it, too, if she didn't know it was wild rabbit instead of chicken. She must quit being so squeamish, she scolded herself. Even now, the thought of all the strange food there would be at the dinner almost nauseated her. She swallowed hard and took a drink of water.

When they arrived at the party, Oscar Jensen hurried through the crowd to meet them. Oscar was always happy as a cricket, Sharry thought. When he looked at Marie, he seemed ready to burst into song. He helped them carry their food to the serving table, then they took their places at the long line of people waiting to help themselves.

"I'm starved," Marie whispered. "Look at that gorgeous food. Creamed clams and wild celery. And that big tray of smoked salmon. That's our specialty in Bristol. Salmon cooked every way imaginable! You'll love it, Sharry."

Sharry nodded. "Yes — I'll like the salmon. It looks good."

Marie took a spoonful of everything. Her plate was such a conglomeration of food that Sharry wondered if it would make her sick. She even went back to the table for more, and Oscar went with her.

"Here, try this creamed clam," she coaxed. "Just a spoonful."

Sharry tasted it. It was really delicious. She wanted terribly to be a good sport about the food up here. Sam would be so pleased if she could tell him she had enjoyed it.

"Now take a taste of this one," Oscar said. "If you like it, I'll tell you what it is — and if you don't, you'll never know."

Oscar was eating as heartily as Marie. They would make a nice couple, Sharry thought, as she watched them laughing together. But Marie had told her she was already in love.

An hour later when Sharry was dancing with Oscar, she felt she could not endure another whirl around the room. Her head was dizzy, her eyes blurred, and she was sick all over.

"Oscar — I'm sorry," she said weakly. "Let me sit down. I ate — too much."

He danced her over to an open window and pushed her gently into a chair.

"I'll get Marie," he said. "You look awful! Don't faint. Please!"

"Gee whiz!" Marie said a minute later. "You must be allergic to something you ate."

"Take me home," Sharry begged. "Please hurry. . . ."

Oscar went for his car, and Marie tucked a warm blanket around Sharry.

"You'll be all right," she said. "Tell me you're feeling better."

Sharry was too sick to answer her.

IT was nearly five o'clock in the morning before Sharry went to sleep. Hours later, when she awakened, she could hear Sam's voice in the living room. Sam was home!

She struggled to her feet and hurried to the doorway.

"Darling," she called. The dizzy sickness came over her again.

Sam rushed to her, holding her gently in his warm, strong arms. "Take it easy," he whispered.

"I ate — something," she whispered against his shoulder. "Oh, Sam — I'm sorry — I'm such a sissy!"

"You're no sissy," he laughed. "You're just a brave little darling. But if you're not better soon, I'll call a doctor."

"A doctor! Sam — no. Doctors in Alaska charge a lot of money. They're sort of special or something."

"And you're sort of special," he said, lifting her and carrying her to the big chair by the fireplace. Huge chunks of coal were burning brightly.

"I took a chance on this old chimney," he told her. "There's a good fire going in the kitchen range, too. Marie is fixing breakfast."

The thought of breakfast made her sick again. Terribly sick.

DR. Fillmore came at one o'clock. He was a big, gray-haired, middle-aged man, with penetrating dark eyes and warm, comforting hands.

"So you think it was our clams and celery that upset you?" he asked Sharry, after looking her over. "Maybe it was that pickled bear tongue that Oscar asked you to eat — they are terribly worried about what they did to you."

"Pickled bear tongue!" Sharry gasped. "No wonder!"

Dr. Fillmore winked at Sam, standing close by.

"No — it isn't anything you ate," he said, his wise eyes crinkling. "This kind of sickness is as old as time. It's worse with some women than others. My dear," his voice was tender, "you and your fine husband can expect a baby in the late spring, about April, I think."

Sharry turned her face to look at Sam. Their eyes caught and held in the bright glory of the moment. She felt a strange new beat in her heart. They were going to have a baby in the spring!

Tears of wonderment glistened in her eyes. She didn't know when Dr. Fillmore left the room. She wasn't sure of anything but Sam kneeling beside her, holding her as though he had the whole world in his arms!

* * * * *

A week later, Sharry was still too ill to sit up. Sam told her that Dr. Fillmore insisted that she go to the hospital or have a nurse here at home.

"I can't leave you alone," he said. "Marie is in school most of the day — Sister Jensen is still in Nome. I have to leave again soon — another important job to do."

"When?" She tried to keep her voice steady.

"Next Monday."

"Today is Wednesday," she murmured. "Sam — if we have to have somebody professional, there is only one person I want — my Aunt Jewel."

He snapped his fingers. "Of

course! Why didn't I think of Jewel. I'll telephone at once. She can fly up here."

Sharry struggled to sit up.

"Telephone McFarland, too," she said. "Ask him to meet her when she lands in Anchorage. Sometimes there's a long wait between planes."

"I'll do it, dear," he said, as he pushed her gently back on the pillow. "Be a good little girl and don't get excited. Dr. Fillmore said you are to stay flat on your back for awhile. Leave everything to me, honey."

Sharry closed her eyes, dreamily. Aunt Jewel would come to her, she thought confidently. As soon as she knew how much Sharry needed her, she would come.

ON Sunday morning Sam drove to the airport to meet Aunt Jewel, whose plane from Anchorage was due at ten o'clock. Marie stayed with Sharry.

It was pansy-color dark, Sharry thought — like evening at home. What would Aunt Jewel think of the constant darkness?

"Marie," Sharry said, "how do you endure it month in and month out?"

"Endure what?" Marie demanded as she leaned over the dressing table peering at her face in the mirror. "You mean my freckles?"

"Heavens no!" Sharry gasped. "Your freckles are cute. I mean the twilight. I'm so homesick. . . ."

"I know," Marie nodded. "You're homesick for your mother. I've been homesick all my life for my mother. I didn't know her — she died when I was a baby — still I think of her often. It's a yearning I can't explain. That's why I'm so crazy about my father. He's been both father and mother to me."

Marie got to her feet.

"Try to sleep while I brush up the living room. We want everything very cosy when your Aunt Jewel arrives."

Sharry looked at the clock.

"She should be arriving now," she said. "The ride out here will take about a half hour. I can hardly wait, Marie."

At eleven o'clock, there were footsteps on the porch. Then voices and a man's hearty laugh. McFarland's laugh!

"That's my Dad!" Marie squealed. "He's with them. Hurray!"

Sharry listened to their cheery greetings. Marie told them to take off their heavy boots outside so they wouldn't track the floor.

"Here she is!" Sam ushered Aunt Jewel into the bedroom. "McFarland brought her in his own plane!"

Jewel stooped and gathered Sharon in her arms, pressing her cheek against hers.

"We'll have you up in no time," she said in her confident, reassuring way. "I'm so glad you sent for me, honey."

McFarland loomed in the doorway. There was a glow in his dark eyes Sharry hadn't noticed before.

Everyone talked at once. The plane ride from Anchorage had been a real adventure, Aunt Jewel told them. McFarland said they hadn't stopped to eat because he wanted to cook a big dinner for everyone when they got here.

"We'll live it up," he laughed, "steak and baked potatoes and salad — a real outside meal. I won't try to give Jewel Alaskan food right away. I remember that Sharry

didn't like it. Marie, baby, will you put the potatoes in the oven while we go across the river to the market? I want Jewel to go with me. Can you spare her that long, Sharry?"

"Why, certainly," Sharry said. "That's fine."

"Shall I drive you?" Sam offered.

McFarland smiled. "We'll walk," he said.

They went out laughing as though they had suddenly found something wonderful together. Marie followed them to the doorway, then she walked back to Sharry's room and leaned against the window peering out. A little smile tipped the corners of her mouth, but her eyes were deeply serious.

"My father is already in love with Jewel," she said in her straightforward way. "I know he is. I have seen many women try to attract him, but this is the first time I have seen him go overboard — for anybody."

"But he hardly knows her!" Sharry exclaimed. "He's just being friendly."

"Let's face it," Marie answered. "They've been together since six o'clock this morning when her plane arrived from Seattle. He could have sent her to Fairbanks on the regular plane. But no — he comes along. Fairbanks is a long way from Anchorage."

Sam said, "Maybe he came to see you, Marie. After all, you are his favorite daughter."

Marie was quiet for a moment. "Yes — I'm his favorite daughter, and he's a very special daddy. But I'm not selfish about him. I want him to marry again. I really do. But I hope she is a woman who loves Alaska the way he does, one who realizes what it's like to live in a place like Bristol. It takes a real woman to make a home there ten months out of the year. I couldn't bear to have — anybody — break his heart."

The words were a drumbeat in Sharry's brain. Marie was afraid Aunt Jewel was not the kind of woman for McFarland.

She looked at Sam. What was he thinking, she wondered? He never spoke impulsively. He always figured everything carefully with an engineer's mind.

Marie looked at him, too.

Suddenly his face broke into a boyish grin. He shrugged his wide shoulders.

"Let's not jump the gun," he said. "Maybe Jewel will have something to say about all this. After all, she's mighty important, too. I'll bet she has a mind of her own. Shall we wait and see?"

*(To be continued)*

## *Green Thumb*

*Mabel Law Atkinson*

Why envy me for my green thumb?
My garden was not made
Just wishing for the beautiful—
I used the hoe and spade.

# NOTES FROM THE FIELD

*Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer*

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the *Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society*.

## RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Thelma H. Sampson

### SAMOAN MISSION RELIEF SOCIETY BOARD CONDUCTS CONVENTIONS IN TWELVE DISTRICTS

Left to right: Thelma H. Sampson, President, Samoan Mission Relief Society; board members: Ula Montez Stehlin, Sui Ha Arps, Martha Harris, Alisa Fitisemanu, and Helen Stirling. Virginia Eyestone, also a member of the board, was not present when the picture was taken. All of the sisters in this picture are wearing the traditional Samoan dress, called "Pe'a."

Sister Sampson reports: "During the month of April 1960, our Samoan Mission Relief Society board held a series of schools or conventions in all twelve districts on three main islands of the Samoan Mission. This was the first time such a series of

conventions had ever been held. Our schools began on the designated days at nine o'clock until twelve noon, with instructions in duties of officers, explaining dues, emphasis on the visiting teacher program, explaining roll books, and introducing the new lesson manuals, with a demonstration on how to give a lesson. After lunch, we began a demonstration period from two to four-thirty in the afternoon, in which we introduced a very interesting sewing booklet. Then we gave demonstrations on how to mix powdered milk, how to clean and oil a sewing machine, the use of sewing tools, making a child's simple play dress and panties, and helps in shirt making. Then our Samoan sisters demonstrated to us their mat weaving and *'Elei* (block printing) of Samoan designs on dress material. In the background of the above picture may be seen the dress lengths which have been block printed. On the table are mats and baskets made by the Samoan sisters.

"The board members prepared the manuals, the sewing book, and conducted the conventions. We traveled by car, bus, jeep, boat, and airplane, and met with ninety to ninety-five per cent of all officers and teachers of the branch and district Relief Societies. We were all very blessed to take part in these conventions and felt that we took valuable information to our sisters."

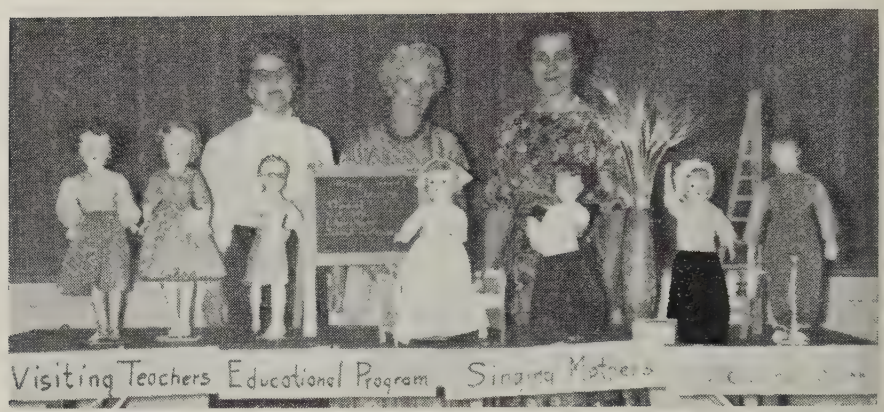
Photograph submitted by Beth M. Stallman

## INGLEWOOD STAKE (CALIFORNIA) FASHION SHOW

March 25, 1960

Beth M. Stallman, President, Inglewood Stake Relief Society, reports: "A most successful fashion show was held in Inglewood Stake, March 25, 1960, under the direction of Lillian Clifton, Second Counselor, Inglewood Stake Relief Society, and Nola Langford, stake work meeting leader, with Beth Borland as commentator. Lucille Peel, stake organist, played beautiful music during the show. All the wards in the stake were represented, and many pre-school children participated. All the clothing for women was made by the individual models, except for the children, who modeled clothing made by their mothers.

"We were most pleased with the beautiful sewing done by our sisters, including many coats and suits which were truly professional looking. The final model, Dolores Maxwell, wore a dress 150 years old, which was made from the raw wool to the finished product, by a member of the family. The dress is still in perfect condition."




Photograph submitted by Edith C. Bennett

SHARON STAKE (UTAH), OREM ELEVENTH WARD PRESIDENCY AND DOLLS AT SPECIAL MEETING, March 6, 1960

Standing, left to right, Relief Society Presidency: Donna Nay, Education Counselor; Marien Ostler, President; Bonnie Larsen, Work Director Counselor.

Edith C. Bennett, President, Sharon Stake Relief Society, reports: "A great deal of interest was added to the special meeting presented by Orem Stake, Eleventh Ward Relief Society, March 6, 1960, by displaying dolls which had been appropriately dressed and labeled. As each topic was introduced, a placard was placed in front of the doll depicting the phase of Relief Society work being discussed. Sister Ostler dressed the dolls, which were authentic in every respect. They were so outstanding that we had them displayed in our March leadership meeting so that all the leaders in the stake could enjoy them."

Photograph submitted by Anona O. Miles

DUCHESNE STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE, April 17, 1960

Front row, seated, left to right, beginning third from the left: Lois Goodrich, First Counselor; Anona Miles, President; Zella Bennion, Second Counselor; Fern Snow, Secretary-Treasurer; Arwella Moon, chorister.

Third row, standing, at the right: Rolene Arvanitas, organist.

Back row, eleventh from the left: Elna Mayhew, visiting teacher message leader.

Sister Miles reports: "This chorus is made up of the Singing Mothers of all eight wards of the stake. The numbers presented at the conference were: 'My Task,' 'God Knows,' 'Teach Me, O Lord,' and 'My Redeemer Lives.' This organization has sung for one other stake quarterly conference, and also for the visiting teachers convention. These women are all active and enthusiastic workers in Relief Society."

Photograph submitted by Louise B. Johansen

## NORTH SANPETE STAKE (UTAH) DRAMATIZATION "INSTRUCTIONS AND PROMISES" OF THE DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS, May 1960

Girls seated at the left: Linda Bohne and Roma Madsen; girl standing: Charlene Jones; man representing Parley P. Pratt: Myron F. Tucker; Lamanite boy, kneeling: Frank Hasteenez; boys standing: David Evans, Ronald Nielsen; Indian chief: Richard Evans.

Louise B. Johansen, President, North Sanpete Stake Relief Society, reports: "We have just experienced one of the most uplifting and inspiring occasions that we have had in our stake. We planned a 'guest day' for the sisters in our stake, and centered our program around acquainting new members and young mothers with the refining influence of Relief Society. The visiting teachers delivered 880 invitations to the homes of the sisters and urged them to attend. The response was gratifying.

"The stake Singing Mothers chorus sang 'When Mothers Sing,' 'We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet,' 'The Morning Breaks,' and 'Oh, Lovely Land, America.' We presented the dramatizations given at our last conference: 'Instructions and Promises' of The Doctrine and Covenants, 'Legacy,' and 'The *Magazine* Is a Bell Ringer.' Appropriate costumes were worn, and the stake leaders directed their respective departments. Our stake social science leader prepared effective visual aids and gave a short talk on 'Spiritual Living — Pathway to Peace.' The visiting teacher leader introduced the summer messages we had prepared, and copies were given to all the wards.

"As the group came from the chapel into the beautifully decorated recreation hall, they enjoyed the outstanding hobby displays prepared by each ward. On display were beautifully appliqued, embroidered, and pieced quilts, painting, leather work, flowers, jewelry, copper and aluminum articles, crocheting, knitting, clothing, sofa pillows. Tables with blue covers and pretty yellow dolls were inviting where one could sit and enjoy the delicious refreshments and visit with friends."

Photograph submitted by Esther W. Heaton

KANAB STAKE (UTAH), KANAB SOUTH WARD BAZAAR
March 17, 1960

Left to right: President Elva H. Judd; First Counselor Pearl O. Little; Second Counselor Charlotte H. Young; Secretary-Treasurer Lola F. Swapp; chorister Maurine C. Jones; literature class leader Gwendoline M. Schoenfeld; *Magazine* representative Lucille C. Perkins; social science class leader Harriet R. Judd; work meeting leader Vola B. Rider; Elda B. Ogden.

Esther W. Heaton is president of Kanab Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Dora P. Webb

BOUNTIFUL NORTH STAKE (UTAH) SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR STAKE QUARTERLY CONFERENCE AND RELIEF SOCIETY CONVENTION

Seated, front row, left to right, beginning fifth from the left, stake board members: Virginia A. Mann, organist; Iris H. Moon, chorister; Lydia Y. Bangerter, First Counselor;

Dora P. Webb, President. Second from the right, Magdelen M. Cluff, theology class leader; Venice D. Hulme, visiting teacher message leader (at end of row).

Second row, sixth from the left: Fawn B. Kizerian, work meeting leader; second from the right: Eunice H. Van Orden, *Magazine* representative; at right end of second row: Jeanne M. Huber, Second Counselor.

Third row, sixth from the left: Betty Jo C. Hixon, Secretary-Treasurer.

Sister Webb reports: "At one session of quarterly conference this chorus sang 'Grant Me, Dear Lord, Deep Peace of Mind,' by Stickler and 'Lift Thine Eyes to the Mountains' by Mendelssohn. They also furnished the music in our two-stake Relief Society convention, singing 'Eternal Life' by Dugan, and 'Come, Ye Blessed of My Father' by Florence J. Madsen."

# *A Stake Is Born*

(Poem written in appreciation and gratitude for the organization of the Manchester Stake in the British Isles, March 27, 1960.)

*Padda M. Speller*

If I could capture precious time
Hold fast for you this hour,
Recall the love and joy sublime
That in the saints doth flower;

If I could lock within your hearts
This ne'er forgotten day,
And you receive its many parts—
To love, and work, and pray.

This day would be my gift to you
The best that I could give,
A share in all the good and true
That within man doth live.

This stake of Zion newly born
Upon this lovely land,
Will bravely, gracefully, adorn
Wherever it shall stand.

The knowledge does within us grow
That God is very near,
And when we part, where ere we go,
We'll know that he is here.

Here gathered in this golden "now"
The saints of latter days,
Our hearts as one, we mutely vow
To follow in Christ's ways.

# LESSON DEPARTMENT

## *Theology*—The Doctrine and Covenants

### Lesson 27—The Law of Moral Conduct (continued)

*Elder Roy W. Doxey*

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Section 42:21-26, 80-83, 86)

For Tuesday, December 6, 1960

Objective: To learn the consequences of lying and unchaste practices.

*Review*

While conducting a conference of the Church at Fayette, New York, during the month of January 1831, the Prophet Joseph Smith received the Lord's promise that when he got to the Ohio valley the law to the Church would be given. Upon the Prophet's arrival in Kirtland, Ohio, the following month of February, the Prophet received the great revelation which included more of the Lord's will than the immediate problem before the saints at the time; that is, the need to care for the relief of the poor and needy. The responsibility of the Church to carry the gospel to the world and the manner in which this should be done formed the basis of the first part of the law. (See Lesson 25.)

A major part of the law to the Church is concerned with the relations of people who are interested in living lives which conform to the law of the Lord. These basic laws of moral conduct are necessary for a civilized people. Last month's lesson gave an introduction to this law.

*"Thou Shalt Not Lie"*

The liar is strongly condemned in many scriptures of ancient and modern origin. The revelation under discussion is emphatic in denouncing this vice. (See D & C 42:21, 86.)

What is a lie? A dictionary definition is as follows: "To utter a falsehood with an intention to deceive, or with an immoral design; to say or do that which is designed to deceive another when he has a right to know the truth, or when morality requires a just representation; to cause an incorrect impression; to present a misleading appearance."

*The Father of Lies*

Lying is the opposite of truth. Those who indulge in lying, the speaking of untruths, are being deceived by the father of lies, the devil, who, from the beginning, sought to destroy God's work. In denouncing the false beliefs and

practices of certain Jews, Jesus said:

> Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it.
>
> And because I tell you the truth, ye believe me not (John 8:44-45).

*Satan's Plan*

It is Satan's plan to deceive all people who will succumb to his influence. The half-truth is used as a means of deception. As President George Q. Cannon once explained concerning Mother Eve being deceived by the devil, he:

> . . . told the truth in telling that, but he accompanied it with a lie as he always does. He never tells the complete truth. He said that they should not die. The Father had said that they should die. The devil had to tell a lie in order to accomplish his purposes; but there was some truth in his statement. Their eyes were opened. They had a knowledge of good and evil just as the Gods have. They became as Gods; for that is one of the features, one of the peculiar attributes of those who attain unto that glory — they understand the difference between good and evil (*Journal of Discourses*, 26:190-191).

Those who tell half-truths, or untruths, in short, they who falsify are aiding and abetting the cause of the devil. They bring themselves into bondage, and, depending upon the purpose of the lie in reference to others, they may lead the deceived from the paths of honesty and virtue. It would seem obvious that the lie is one of the most powerful tools in the hands of Satan and those who perpetuate his designs to bring about the destruction of the souls of men.

Should a Latter-day Saint foster the kingdom of the devil by imitating the plans of the evil one?

*Slave to a Lie*

Do members of the kingdom of God realize that the lie brings eventual sorrow and regret into their own lives? Is it clear that when one follows this practice, he is bringing himself into a bondage which counteracts the very purpose of his earth existence?

How much easier it is to tell the truth and be free from any enemy of salvation. When the Prophet Joseph Smith said that salvation consists of a man's being placed beyond the power of his enemies, meaning the enemies of his progression, such as dishonesty, greediness, lying, immorality, and other vices, he was saying that man is in bondage to these vices. (See *D. H. C.* V:387-388.) As long as man is a captive to habits and vices that restrict or limit his power to act as a free agent, he will not receive salvation. But, wherein does the individual place himself in such a position of bondage by lying? He binds himself by making the lie a part of himself to the extent that he is no longer free from the falsehood. It has been said that to be a successful liar, it is necessary to remember not only the lie but the person to whom it is told. In doing this the person immediately loses his freedom to that extent. The necessity of remembering the lie makes a deeper impression upon the liar, requiring that it become a part of his life.

### *"The Truth Shall Make You Free"*

On the other hand, ". . . the truth shall make you free" (John 8:32). The truth-teller need not fear the consequences of his actions — he is free indeed. When the lie is spoken, it is almost always discovered and the loss of a friend and character debasement follow. When confronted with the temptation to lie or deceive, one should think of the consequences — possible loss of friends, sorrow, and regret. What self-respecting person would knowingly place himself in this position?

The adversary sought to destroy the work of the Lord in bringing forth The Book of Mormon by a planned attempt to use the loss of the translated portion from the gold plates to his advantage. The plan was to change that part which had been translated and then "expose" the Prophet Joseph Smith by showing that his retranslation was incorrect. This plan, however, was foiled by the translation of the small plates of Nephi which covered the same period of history. Of Satan it is said in the revelation disclosing this deception that:

> Yea, he stirreth up their hearts to anger against this work.
>
> Yea, he saith unto them: Deceive and lie in wait to catch, that ye may destroy; behold, this is no harm. And thus he flattereth them, and telleth them that it is no sin to lie that they may catch a man in a lie, that they may destroy him.
>
> And thus he flattereth them, and leadeth them along until he draggeth their souls down to hell, and thus he causeth them to catch themselves in their own snare.
>
> And thus he goeth up and down, to and fro in the earth, seeking to destroy the souls of men (D & C 10:24-27).

Korihor, the anti-Christ, in learning of the power of Alma, became convinced that he (Korihor) had been deceived, and then confessed his guilt in deceiving some Nephites. Alma records that ". . . the devil will not support his children at the last day, but doth speedily drag them down to hell" (Alma 30:60).

### *Punishment of the Liar*

Severe rebukes of the liar are mentioned many places in scripture. Solomon said that the Lord hates ". . . a lying tongue . . ." (Proverbs 6:17), and a ". . . false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren." (See Proverbs 6;19.)

"Wo unto the liar, for he shall be thrust down to hell" (2 Nephi 9:34). Concerning those who will eventually make up the telestial kingdom, it is revealed that:

> These are they who are liars, and sorcerers, and adulterers, and whoremongers, and whosoever loves and makes a lie.
>
> These are they who suffer the wrath of God on earth.
>
> These are they who suffer the vengeance of eternal fire.
>
> These are they who are cast down to hell and suffer the wrath of Almighty God, until the fulness of times, when Christ shall have subdued all enemies under his feet, and shall have perfected his work (D & C 76:103-106 cf. 63:17).

### *"Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery"*

As heretofore pointed out, the law of moral conduct applies to both sexes. This is the single standard of conduct. This fact is indicated clearly in making known the procedure of excommunication from the

Church as the penalty for this sex sin.

And if any man or woman shall commit adultery, *he* or *she* shall be tried before two elders of the church, or more, and every word shall be established against him or her by two witnesses of the church, and not of the enemy; but if there are more than two witnesses it is better.

But *he* or *she* shall be condemned by the mouth of two witnesses; and the elders shall lay the case before the church, and the church shall lift up their hands against *him* or *her*, that they may be dealt with according to the law of God.

And if it can be, it is necessary that the bishop be present also.

And thus ye shall do in all cases which shall come before you (D & C 42:80-83). (Italics by author.)

Because of the Lord's setting forth the single standard of conduct as his law, it is not inconsistent, nor is it a changing of the scriptures from their intended meaning, to insert the words shown in brackets below.

Thou shalt love thy wife [husband] with all thy heart, and shalt cleave unto her [him] and none else.

And he that looketh upon a woman [man] to lust after her [him] shall deny the faith, and shall not have the Spirit; and if he [she] repents not he [she] shall be cast out.

Thou shalt not commit adultery; and he [she] that committeth adultery, and repenteth not, shall be cast out.

But he [she] that has committed adultery and repents with all his [her] heart, and forsaketh it, and doeth it no more, thou shalt forgive;

But if he [she] doeth it again, he [she] shall not be forgiven, but shall be cast out (D & C 42:22-26).

The penalty for adultery is severe because in the category of sins, it is classed next to murder. (See Alma 39:5-9.) President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve has written the following in comment upon verses 22 to 26 of Section 42 quoted above:

Now this revelation was given before the endowment was made known. Since that time when a man is married in the temple, he takes a solemn covenant before God, angels, and witnesses that he will keep the law of chastity. Then if he violates that covenant it is not easy to receive forgiveness. I call your attention to this statement by the Prophet Joseph Smith: "If a man commit adultery, he cannot receive the celestial kingdom of God. Even if he is saved in any kingdom, it cannot be the celestial kingdom."

Of course, a man may, according to the Doctrine and Covenants, 132:26, receive forgiveness, if he is willing to pay the penalty for such a crime: that is he "shall be destroyed in the flesh, and shall be delivered unto the buffetings of Satan unto the day of redemption," which is the time of the resurrection. We cannot destroy in the flesh, so what the Lord will require in lieu thereof, I do not know (*Doctrines of Salvation*, II:93-94).

From what the Lord has revealed about repentance or forgiveness of this sin, as great as it is, there is forgiveness for the Church member upon his or her true repentance. It may be forgiven when the member of the Church has not received the light and understanding of the temple ordinances, but even then the second offense will surely bring the casting out of the offender from the Church. For the person who may have committed this act before membership in the Church, upon his or her sincere repentance and the acceptance of baptism, the remission of sins is received. Salvation in the kingdom of God comes to him or to her who endures to the

end. (See 3 Nephi 30; 1 Cor. 6:9-11.)

*An Heinous Practice*

Elder Harold B. Lee draws attention to a practice directly related to this subject:

There is, however, another heinous practice, the sin of abortion, or the destruction of unborn children by illegal operations, which lies somewhere a close kin to the crime of destroying human life and certainly to be condemned under the subject heading of this chapter, "Thou shalt not kill!"

Against this deplorable practice the leaders of the Church have declared from the beginning. This serious sin against the Lord's plan is committed by two groups of individuals: first, those who, having committed their first great error in yielding to sexual sin, seek to cover their sins after gratifying their lusts, by committing an even more heinous crime before the law of the land and against the law of God; and, second, by those having entered into the sacred relationships of the married state but who, rather than accept the responsibilities of parenthood, yield to this awful practice by which they forfeit their rights to wonderful blessings which otherwise could have been theirs ("The Sixth Commandment," *The Ten Commandments Today*, pp. 91-92).

*Love Thy Husband*

"Thou shalt love thy wife [husband] with all thy heart, and shalt cleave unto her [him] and none else" (D & C 42:22). When the Lord instituted marriage in the beginning, it was the intention that husband and wife should remain true to each other. They were to ". . . be one flesh" (Genesis 2:24; see also Mark 10:6-9; Ephesians 5:31) and to be faithful to each other, as the word "cleave" denotes.

Two ideas from the apostle Paul bring together an emphasis which the Lord intends in this same connection:

Nevertheless neither is the man without the woman, neither the woman without the man, in the Lord.

For as the woman is of the man, even so is the man also by the woman; but all things of God (I Cor. 11:11-12).

Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it. . . .

Nevertheless let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself; and the wife see that she reverence her husband (Ephesians 5:25, 33).

*Safeguard Against Sin*

As the reader remembers the New Testament Sermon on the Mount, she will recognize the common element in Matthew 5:27-28, and part of Section 42:22-26 of The Doctrine and Covenants given above. When the resurrected Savior instructed the Nephites, however, he gave them this admonition which seems to reinforce and further clarify the meaning of the New Testament scripture, as also the modern revelation. Jesus emphasized in those instructions that control of thought, feelings, and desires is necessary as a safeguard against adultery.

Behold, it is written by them of old time, that thou shalt not commit adultery;

But I say unto you, that whosoever looketh on a woman [man], to lust after her [him], hath committed adultery already in his [her] heart.

Behold, I give unto you a commandment, that ye suffer none of these things to enter into your heart;

For it is better that ye should deny yourselves of these things, wherein ye will take up your cross, than that ye should be cast into hell (3 Nephi 12:27-30).

Is not this instruction in harmony with the words of the prophet-king Benjamin and later by Amulek (see Alma 12:14), when Benjamin counseled his people as follows:

> And finally, I cannot tell you all the things whereby ye may commit sin; for there are divers ways and means, even so many that I cannot number them.
>
> But this much I can tell you, that if ye do not watch yourselves, and your *thoughts*, and your *words*, and your *deeds*, and observe the commandments of God, and continue in the faith of what ye have heard concerning the coming of our Lord, even unto the end of your lives, ye must perish. And now, O man, remember, and perish not (Mosiah 4:29-30). (Italics by author.)

Vulgarity of thought, word, and desire may well lead to the deed. "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he . . ." (Proverbs 23:7).

*Results of Unchaste Thoughts*

Transgression begins in the mind, prompted by obscene pictures, salacious literature, immodesty of dress, and other forms of lewdness. Impure thoughts thus engendered, unless repented of, encourage apostasy. Three consequences of this thought-transgression are mentioned in the text under consideration (D&C 42:22-26): (1) a denial of the faith; (2) a loss of the Spirit; and (3) to be cast out of the Church. Included in these consequences is (4) that fear will come to the transgressor as he realizes that his unrepentance has brought upon him the condemnation of those who love him most in this life and also the wrath of God. (See D & C 63:16.)

*Honest Hearts Produce Honest Actions*

Admonitions against breaking the law of moral conduct are of great importance. Although breaking the laws against stealing and lying are more common than adultery and the taking of human life, none of these offenses against the Lord should be taken lightly. When one is genuinely converted to the gospel of Jesus Christ, it will be recognized that the breaking of a commandment is wrong in itself. Some people feel that they can commit sin as long as no one knows about the sin. The foundation of such a belief is based upon an idea contrary to the teachings of the gospel. Falling into the error of the Pharisees should not be an indulgence of the Latter-day Saint. Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts and deeds. (See Mt. 15:11-20, especially 18-19.)

*The Ideal Home*

Love in the home is expressed in other ways in addition to the one on which emphasis has been placed thus far in this lesson. One of these ways is consideration for the feelings of the wife and husband, as expressed by President David O. McKay, in a general conference:

> I cannot imagine a man's being cruel to a woman. I cannot imagine her so conducting herself as to merit such treatment. Perhaps there are women in the world who exasperate their husbands but no man is justified in resorting to physical force or in exploding his feelings in profanity. There are men, undoubtedly, in the world who are thus beastly, but no man who holds the Priesthood of God should so debase himself (*Conference Report*, October 1951, page 181).

Where confidence and love between husband and wife exist, there is the basis of the ideal home. In the words of President Joseph F. Smith, we learn:

A home is not a home in the eye of the gospel, unless there dwell perfect confidence and love between the husband and the wife. Home is a place of order, love, union, rest, confidence, and absolute trust; where the breath of suspicion of infidelity can not enter; where the woman and the man each have implicit confidence in each other's honor and virtue (*Gospel Doctrine*, Tenth Edition, page 302).

### *Questions for Discussion*

1. In reading the dictionary definition of the word "lie," what ideas are suggested which go beyond the general meaning given to the practice of lying? (Example: "To cause an incorrect impression.")
2. In what way is lying aiding the plans of Satan?
3. What is there about lying that takes away a person's freedom?
4. Discuss: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free" (John 8:32).
5. What is the single standard of moral conduct?

# *Visiting Teacher Messages—*

## Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

### Message 27—" . . . Every Man Is Given a Gift By the Spirit of God. . . . That All May Be Profited Thereby" (D & C 46:11-12)

*Christine H. Robinson*

For Tuesday, December 6, 1960

Objective: We have a divine responsibility to develop our gifts and talents and to use them in the service of others.

AT this season of the year when our thoughts are centered on gifts and giving, how often do we pause to consider the countless, wonderful gifts which our Father in heaven has so lovingly bestowed upon each of us? We believe that the greatest gift ever given to man is the atoning sacrifice of our Savior, whose birth we celebrate this month and whose spirit should motivate all of our thoughts and actions. But along with this greatest gift, the Lord has bestowed bounteous individual gifts and talents upon each of us. The important challenge we all face is to recognize the gifts and talents we possess and to develop them to the maximum, not only for our own benefit, but also for the benefit of others. What are these gifts? How can we develop and utilize them to the best advantage?

When we speak of the gifts of God, often we are inclined to think only of spiritual gifts, such as the gifts of faith and of healing. These, of course, are blessed, special gifts, but the Lord has bestowed other gifts upon us which are also wonderful. For example, Brigham Young once said:

> The gift of communicating one with another is the gift of God, just as much so as the gift of prophecy . . . (Ludlow, Daniel H.: *Latter-day Saint Prophets Speak*, page 172).

Likewise, the gift of an understanding heart, of a desire to serve, of cheerfulness, the ability to teach, the wonderful character trait of looking for and magnifying the good in others — all these are gifts from God. These are gifts which we all can possess, if we seek diligently to develop them. Moreover, the Lord has said we should

". . . seek . . . earnestly the best gifts, always remembering for what they are given" (D & C 46:8).

The terms gifts and talents are often employed synonymously. These words have been defined as "natural endowments employing favor by God and given to us as a divine trust."

Far too many of us fail to recognize the many wonderful talents and gifts with which we are endowed. We look at some of our friends and acquaintances who seem to be so talented and wish we possessed similar accomplishments; but all of us have gifts that are distinctly our own. It is our individual responsibility and opportunity to discover, develop, and use these priceless gifts. One of the best-known stories which emphasizes the importance of discovering and using our gifts or talents wisely is contained in the parable as given by Jesus when he said:

> For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own servants, and delivered unto them his goods.
>
> And unto one he gave five talents, to another two, and to another one; to every man according to his several ability; and straightway took his journey (Mt. 25:14-15).

The story continues with the description of how two servants used their talents productively and expanded and multiplied them. The third servant buried his talent in the ground, with the result that when the master returned even that little which had been given to him was taken away. (See Mt. 25:14-29.)

This parable dramatizes with clarity the important fact that unless we develop and use the gifts which we have been given we will lose them. As underscored in The Doctrine and Covenants' scripture, these talents must be used freely and joyously for the good of all mankind. As we develop our talents unselfishly for the good of all, we recognize the universal truth, thus, ". . . It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts 20:35).

The real spirit of Christmas is the spirit of service to others. In all our giving let us remember that the most precious gifts are those centered in love, thoughtfulness, kindness, and other gifts from the heart. Although such gifts cannot be wrapped in gay paper and tied with tinsel cord, they will outlast those which human hands create, and will bring to us deeper joy than all the riches of the world. With these gifts we can extend the spirit of Christmas throughout the year and throughout our lives, and can thus develop those gifts and talents which God so generously bestows upon us.

## *Gratitude*

*Catherine B. Bowles*

We thank thee, Father, for thy love,
For all thy blessings from above,
For lovely flowers, skies of blue,
The morning sun, the evening dew;
For goodness, faith, and humble prayer,
We thank thee, Father, for thy care.

# *Work Meeting*— Caring for the Sick in the Home

(A Course Expected to Be Used by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

**Lesson 3 — Moving and Lifting the Patient**

*Maria Johnson*

For Tuesday, December 13, 1960

Objective:

(a) To learn good body mechanics (to use the body properly) when moving or lifting a patient in order to prevent accidents and to hasten recovery.

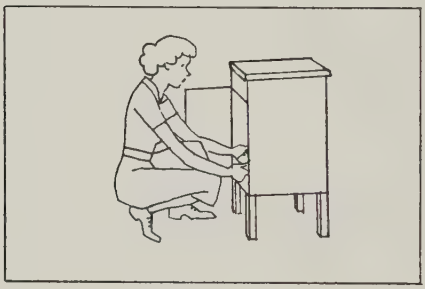
(b) To protect the worker from unnecessary strain and fatigue.

## *Proper Body Mechanics*

TIRED feet, aching backs, fatigue, and emotional tension are the price we pay for poor posture, whether caring for a sick patient or meeting the needs of the family. A cheerful disposition does not come with tired feet and aching backs.

The following rules are important when carrying out any procedure that requires stooping, bending, or lifting.

1. Keep the back straight, no bend at waist line. The lower back was not made to lift with, always lift or carry with the back straight.
2. Do not use the back muscles. The large leg thigh muscles should take the burden.
3. When bending, bend at the hips and the knees.
4. Stand close to your work.
5. Go down to the level of your work — bend knees. (See illustration.)



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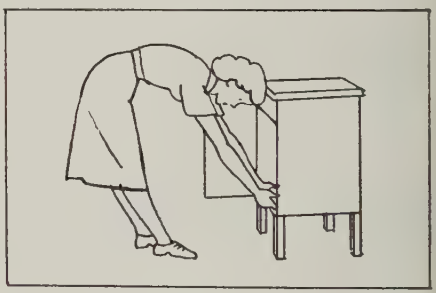


Not this

6. Stand with feet apart, giving a wide base of support, and with one foot forward.
7. Before lifting, tighten the muscles of the abdomen and the buttocks. In helping the patient, the nurse usually supports or uses a push or pull movement rather than a lift. Heavy lifting requires two or more people.
8. Always have the patient assist as much as possible.

## *Moving the Patient*

A. To move a leg or arm:

Procedure — (See illustration)

Support under ankle and knee or under wrist and elbow. Do not grasp from above.

B. To move patient to side of bed:

Procedure — (See illustrations)

Moving Shoulders

Moving to Side of Bed

1. Have patient lying on back.
2. Cross patient's arms over her chest.
3. Stand facing the patient's head and shoulders. Place one foot forward so your thigh or knee is braced against the side of the bed.
4. Tighten your abdominal muscles and bend from your hips and knees. Keep your back straight.
5. Place one arm under the patient's head and one under her chest. Your arms must reach all the way under the patient, so her head is supported by your elbow and the far shoulder by your hand. The other arm supports the chest region.
6. Pull the patient's head and shoulders toward you to the side of the bed.
7. Move the patient's hips in the same manner, placing your hands all the way under the heaviest part of the patient's hips.
8. The legs are then placed in line with the trunk.

Note: If the patient's condition will not permit her to be moved a unit at a time, two people will be needed.

C. To assist the patient to turn on side:

Procedure —

1. Bring the patient to a far side of the bed.
2. Cross the leg that is farthest from you over the other leg.
3. Place the arm that is farthest away over the chest and the other arm on mattress by head of patient.
4. Stand with feet apart on the side of bed toward which the patient is to be turned, one leg braced against the bed.
5. Reach across the patient and place one hand on her far hip and the other on her shoulder.
6. In this position, keeping your back straight, roll back to a standing position. This will turn the patient on her side.

D. To help the bed patient to a sitting position:

Procedure — (See illustrations)

Ready to Raise Patient

Patient in Sitting Position

Method I

1. Stand facing the head of bed with one leg against the mattress and the other leg a little forward.
2. Reach over and place your hand over the patient's shoulder far enough that your thumb is on her neck and your hand between the shoulder blades. Place your other hand on the bed for support.
3. To lift the patient, push against the bed with the one arm and lift the patient as you shift your weight to the leg against the bed. Keep your back straight.

Method II

1. Remember to tighten the abdominal muscles and keep your back straight.

2. Stand with one foot forward and place one hand under the patient's neck.
3. With the other arm reach over the patient and place your hand under both of the patient's knees.
4. Pivot the patient to a sitting position and swing her legs over the side of the bed.

E. To assist patient from bed to wheelchair:

Precautions:

Be sure chair is anchored so it will not move. You may need another person to hold the chair. A regular wheelchair is equipped with foot boards. These are for support of the patient's feet — not to step on. The foot boards must always be lifted up when patient is getting in or out of wheelchair.

Procedure —

1. Put robe on patient while in bed.
2. Place chair at side of bed facing the head.
3. Have patient in sitting position with legs over side of bed.
4. Put on slippers.
5. You will stand in front of the patient and support her by placing your hands under the patient's armpits. The patient places her hands on your shoulders and slides her feet to the floor.
6. You and the patient pivot and move to front of chair.
7. The patient reaches for the arm of the chair and lowers herself into the chair while you continue the support, keeping your back straight and bending your knees.

# *Literature*—America's Literature Comes of Age

## Lesson 19 — James Fenimore Cooper, Critic (1789-1851)

*Elder Briant S. Jacobs*

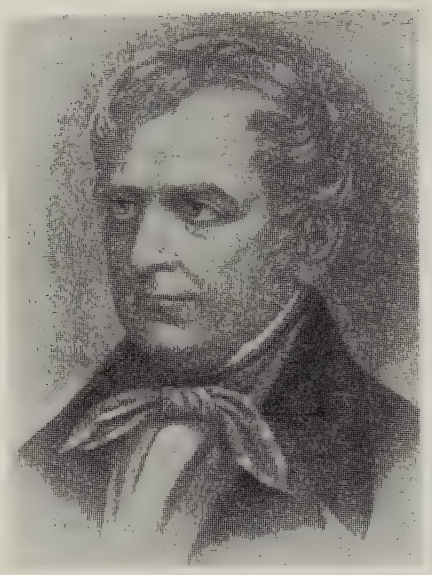
(Textbook: America's Literature, by James D. Hart and Clarence Gohdes, Dryden Press, New York, pp. 221-223)

For Tuesday, December 20, 1960

Objective: To increase Cooper's significance for us by exploring the interrelationships tying together his aristocracy, his artistry, and his Americanism.

TIME has been kinder to Irving than to Cooper. Irving wrote his smooth lines with greatest care, and speaks to our generation with as much charm as he did to his own. Cooper revised only when compelled to, feeling that to reword a sentence was to destroy, somehow, his integrity and the vigorous spontaneity of his strongly masculine drive. For this and other reasons he is read today with difficulty, if at all, since even for the modern reader who presistently studies him, sometimes it seems that Cooper achieves his power in spite of his style rather because of it. Thus when the modern reader is handed *The Last of the Mohicans*, probably the most widely read novel in the nineteenth century — despite Scott, Dickens, and Harriet Beecher Stowe — after reading in it for an hour he can usually only shake his head and wonder why Cooper used to be any good, since he's certainly dull enough now.

Tempting as it may at first appear, an easy decision either to skip him or merely to chat lightly *about him* would result in a great loss for us. Far and above any other American



A Perry Picture

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

writer of the century, it was he who created in the western world what has been accepted and loved as the true western America, precisely as comic books and western movies and TV do today, for good or ill. Throughout his extensive travels in Europe, Samuel F. B. Morse noted that Cooper's latest novel was displayed most conspicuously in all the bookshops. As soon as Cooper finished a novel, it was published simultaneously in thirty-four major cities, and in Egypt, Turkey, Persia, and the Far East. Thackeray felt Natty Bumppo (the hero of the five-volume series, *Leather-Stocking Tales*) was better than anyone in the writings of Walter Scott, his fellow countryman; Balzac praised Cooper extravagantly, and Dumas wrote a story entitled, *Les Mohicans de Paris;* Tolstoy and Dostoevski fondly recalled their boyhood love for him, while in a Chekhov story, a Russian lad nicknames his buddy "Montezuma Hawkeye," he in turn being called "Paleface Brother." In the United States, though his style and circumstantial absurdities were ridiculed mercilessly by two fellow writers on western themes, Bret Harte and Mark Twain, still generations of American youth were nurtured on his novels. And thus our original question becomes even more pressing: What did the nineteenth century see in Cooper that we do not? As space permits, this lesson will attempt an answer, approached from various angles.

*Cooper's Life*

In 1790, in his first year, James, with other family members of Judge William Cooper, was installed in the memorial Otsego Hall, nucleus of Cooperstown, in western New York. From this place Squire Cooper operated his thousands of acres under a system not far removed from feudalism, share-cropping most of it and bragging that he was directly responsible for putting more virgin acres to the plow than any other man of his time. A strong Federalist shaped in the rigid mold of English aristocracy, at election time he rode far and wide among his renters reminding them that running the government was an affair for gentlemen, and that they had better leave alone things they knew nothing about.

Young James was heir to the manor and all it symbolized (he adopted his mother's maiden name Fenimore, only after he began writing). After being privately tutored by an English gentleman and scholar, he was sent to Yale where

A Perry Picture
Copyright 1900 by Eugene A. Perry

COOPER'S HOME "OTSEGO HALL," COOPERSTOWN, NEW YORK

he was expelled for a teenage prank, but later reinstated and he graduated in 1806. After sailing for two years as a common seaman, he became a midshipman in the United States Navy, resigning his commission shortly before the outbreak of the War of 1812 to marry Susan De Lancey, daughter of a wealthy Federalist farming family. Thus Cooper became a landed gentleman in the accepted pattern.

In 1820 he wrote his first novel to prove to his wife that he could write more forcibly than could the English novelist they were reading together in the evenings. Within four years he was acknowledged the first great American novelist in the three areas: Revolutionary War, (*The Spy*); western frontier America (*The Pioneers*); and the sea (*The Pilot*). In 1826, with the appearance of *The Last of the Mohicans*, he sailed for Europe with his wife, one son, and four daughters to give them a broadening education and to see for himself the wonders of the world and contrast them with those of his homeland.

During his seven-year stay abroad he continued writing as furiously as ever while living in Paris, London, Berne, Florence, Sorrento, Rome, and Dresden. Upon his return in 1833, he purchased Otsego Hall in Cooperstown and lived there until his death in 1851, age sixty-two.

Immediately upon returning, he felt to his dismay that the democratic form of government which he had defended with such ardor while in Europe was being destroyed from within itself by the low backwoods element which came to power with Andrew Jackson in 1829, as well as by the emergence of the new commercial classes, as symbolized by such huge factory towns as Lowell, Massachusetts, which had been but a village when he left.

During his absence, Wall Street

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had achieved its present identity, one which until his death, Cooper openly hated and attacked.

Though he continued the writing of his thirty-three novels, he became increasingly concerned with the social, political, and moral ills everywhere about him, fearlessly lashing out at his countrymen in such books as *Letter to His Countrymen* (1834), *Homeward Bound*, and *Home As Found* (1838), all of which left his contemporaries in no doubt as to where he stood. Squabbles over public use of his private land bordering Otsego Lake, quarrels over libel suits, and the folly of choosing juries from the public *en masse* — these and several other issues he prosecuted vigorously in courts until his death, always acting as his own lawyer, always winning his case, but also making enemies and stirring up contention.

So severe was the tension during his later years that, at his death in 1851, several of his loyal friends organized the Cooper Monument Association. Three meetings were held in his honor in New York City, with Washington Irving presiding at one session, speeches given by William Cullen Bryant and Daniel Webster, and some thirty letters from prominent politicians, educators, and writers being read. All esteemed him for his creative genius and for his love for his country which was so great that, in complete disregard of what his opponents or anyone else thought, he always spoke out fearlessly as he believed.

## Cooper, *First Critic of America*

Aside from Hugh Henry Brackenridge (1748-1816), whose *Modern*

*Chivalry* attacked excesses of the new, raw democracy but which did not have a Nation-wide influence, Cooper was the first man of letters to devote his predominant energies to pointing out the weaknesses of the country he loved, in the hope of saving it from its own lowering flaws.

One terse, accurate summary of James Fenimore Cooper, man and writer, is to designate Cooper as vigor. A great individualist, he seems to have shaped everything in his life to embody the three beliefs which he proclaimed and defended with endless tenacity: first, belief in himself, his class, and his personal "gifts"; second, belief in American democracy as he defined what it should be; and third, belief in Christianity. It was his views on individuality and democracy that caused him trouble; it was also these views which gave him his very identity; therefore he wrote his beliefs into all he wrote, his novels, history of the navy, and personal essays and criticism.

True to his environment and family tradition, Cooper believed fervently, as he exemplified fully, the eighteenth-century rationalistic concept of station. This central principle in his life held that, under Nature or God (or both) all men are grouped in whatever class or station their individual "gifts" best fit them for; therefore, each person's intelligence, social graces, possessions, occupation, sex, color, and geographical location help to determine his place both within his own class or station and in relation to all others. Thus, once a person "knows his place" and accepts it, is even grateful for it, he then has within him-

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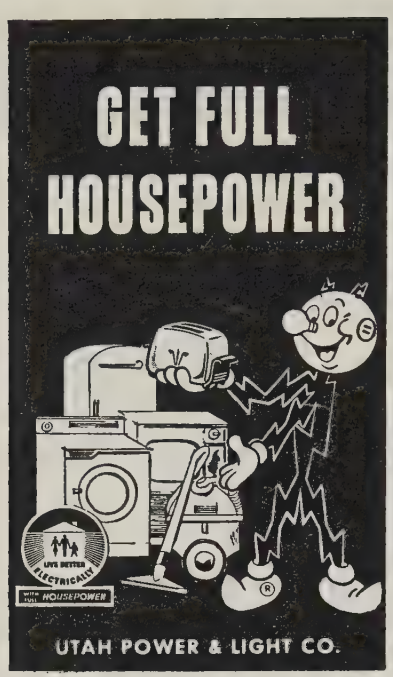

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self strong feelings of identity and security. These are his very self. Cooper felt that the America he left in 1826 was so ordered and sustained; by comparison the America he returned to in 1833 was dangerously near anarchy and chaos.

In 1834, Cooper published *The American Democrat*, which states his convictions in detail. Chapter headings on Equality, Liberty, Monarchy, Aristocracy, Democracy, Prejudice, Station, Demagogues, Candor, Liberty of the Press, Property, The Publick, Civilization, The Right of Petition, On Party, Individuality, "They Say," and Rumor, indicate ideas central both to the book and to Cooper's life when seen as an integrated oneness. It is these principles which he embodied as central principles in *Homeward Bound*, *Home As Found*, *The Pioneers*, *The Prairie*, *The Monikins* (a sharp satire of political institutions), *Satanstoe*, *The Chainbearer*, *The Redskins*, and *The Crater* (defining an Utopia on a Pacific Isle). Here were the ends; his novels were the means he used to get his arguments printed, decorated rather heavily with all the conventional trappings of plot and stiff, "literary" language of the then current sentimental novel. Thus, being central, such views deserve brief statement in his own words, taken from *The American Democrat*:

### *On Character*

All greatness of character is dependent on individuality.

### *On Freedom*

Of what use is freedom if every one is not master of his own innocent acts and associations? And what right has any

man to call himself a democrat if he will submit to be dictated to in those habits over which neither law nor rational morality assumes a right of control?

## *On Liberty*

We do not adopt the popular polity because it is perfect, but because it is less imperfect than any other. As man, by his nature, is liable to err, it is vain to expect an infallible whole that is composed of fallible parts. The government that emanates from a single will, supposing that will to be pure, enlightened, impartial, just and consistent, would be the best in the world, were it attainable for men. Such is the government of the universe, the result of which is perfect harmony. As no man is without spot in his justice, as no man has infinite wisdom, or infinite mercy, we are driven to take refuge in the opposite extreme, or in a government of many.

Liberty may be defined to be a controlling authority that resided in the body of a nation, but so restrained as only to be exercised on certain general principles that shall do as little violence to natural justice, as is compatible with the peace and security of society.

## *On Aristocracy and Democracy*

The law of God is the only rule of conduct in this, as in other matters. Each man should do as he would be done by . . . . it may be taken as a rule in social intercourse, that he who is the most apt to question the pretensions of others is the most conscious of the doubtful position he himself occupies; thus establishing the very claims he affects to deny, by letting his jealousy of it be seen. Manners, education, and refinement, are positive things, and they bring with them innocent tastes which are productive of high enjoyments; and it is as unjust to deny their possessors their indulgence as it would be to insist on the less fortunate's passing the time they would rather devote to athletic amusements, in listening to operas for which they have no relish, sung in a language they do not understand. . . .

There is no more capital, though more common error, than to suppose him an

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aristocrat who maintains his independence of habits; for democracy asserts the control of the majority only in matters of law, and not in matters of custom. The very object of the institution is the utmost practicable personal liberty, and to affirm the contrary would be sacrificing the end to the means.

An aristocrat, therefore, is merely one who fortifies his exclusive privileges by positive institutions, and a democrat, one who is willing to admit of a free competition in all things. To say, however, that the last supposes this competition will lead to nothing is an assumption that means are employed without any reference to an end. He is the purest democrat who best maintains his rights, and no rights can be dearer to a man of cultivation than exemptions from unseasonable invasions on his time by the coarse minded and ignorant.

Cooper himself best exemplifies this definition of the aristocrat-democrat, both in his life and in his novels. And while the main appeal of his *Leather-Stocking Tales* is the great American myth or dream which he incarnates and creates therein, nevertheless the above ideas are everywhere present in his best-known, best-loved novels, which indicates without question that many in his own day did not repudiate these central convictions of Cooper's.

### *Cooper, American Individualist*

Cooper is one of America's significant literary artists, but his creative powers were incidental, though most happy by-products of his most earnest, lifelong attempt to communicate to his countrymen the ideals which shaped his own life and which increasingly were becoming ignored, even abused on every side. Rarely have we had a literary personage record in such great detail his

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personal sense of values outside his art. Once such practical insight is available, it becomes invaluable for two reasons: first, in its own right such keen, sincere evaluation of the nineteenth-century American scene opens new realms for evaluation and comparison to a student of America's past; second, awareness of Cooper's personal convictions before reading his novels imparts to them a unity and an impact which can be obtained in no other way.

In the *Literary History of the United States* (Macmillan, 1953, one-volume edition) page 269, one of the great modern critics of Cooper, Mr. Robert E. Spiller, writes:

> Thus, estimating Cooper, we should note again that in his writing America was first indeed and the novel for its own sake a bad second. Therefore in scope and in passion, it is barely possible that Cooper the social critic will outlive Cooper the novelist of the many novels, but never Cooper the romancer, Cooper the teller of the *Leather-Stocking Tales*. Yet even those tales could never have been so passionate, so profoundly and originally American, had he not probed relentlessly beneath the surface of facts to the principles of American society and of human conduct. (Reprinted by permission)

Thus to relate Cooper, the critic, to Cooper the creator of one of the great American ideas in artistic form, will be the concern of the lesson following.

### *Thoughts for Discussion*

1. Did Cooper's extended stay abroad increase or decrease his Americanism? What effect did it have on the novels he wrote?

2. From examples given in the lesson can you account for Cooper's increasing popularity? When a social or political evil is apparent, is it better to speak out against it or to remain silent?

3. How did Cooper regard himself as far as literature is concerned? Which dominated him, his ideas about American democracy or his urge to create?

## *Social Science*

### Spiritual Living in the Nuclear Age

No lesson is planned for December in this department, due to the holiday season.

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The Lord Is My Light, SSA, Allitson-Samuelson, No. 1470 ..... .20

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# Evening Incident

*Helen S. Hughes*

THE very air seemed strange and luminous that June evening as I nosed my old car out of the driveway and headed into the stream of traffic northbound toward Salt Lake City. I had made this trip many times, and only the charged atmosphere hinted at the awesome half hour that was to follow. The sun was lowering at the northern tip of Antelope Island, spreading a glorious extravagance of gold and rosy red over the western sky. My eyes feasted on this colorful spectacle which is not unusual to those who dwell in the hoothills east of Great Salt Lake, and my heart swelled with gratitude for the gift of such glory.

Before I had traveled many miles, a dark cloud gathered and quickly poured out its measure of rain. The asphalt gleamed before me cool and wet, and through the evening air drifted the unforgettable fragrance of wet sagebrush. The world, as far as I could see, appeared freshened and renewed by the sudden shower. The last of the sun's rays, hitting the moisture-laden air, shattered into a shimmering rainbow hung midway between earth and sky.

I thought of God's covenant with Noah, and his promise. Six seagulls, winging homeward after a busy day behind the farmers' harrows, passed beneath the colorful arch and were, for a brief moment, silhouetted there in breathless beauty and indescribable grace. Again, history was brought to mind. The story of the seagulls and the pioneers joined that of Noah and his ark in my thoughts. I had the impression that the heritage of my people rode with me like a living presence.

Dusk was fast approaching. I traveled down State Street, paused briefly at the Eagle Gate for a light to change, then turned east. All that I had seen, those incredibly beautiful offerings, had an emotional impact that was almost physical in intensity. As if this were not enough, I glimpsed, poised in the heavens, fragile and delicate, a new moon.

My throat ached. I longed for someone, anyone, with whom to share the miracles of loveliness I had witnessed — the sunset, the storm, the rainbow, seagulls, and this incomparable moon. Reaching my destination I eased into the curb and turned off the engine of the car. I brushed the tears from my eyes, and felt strangely humbled and sanctified. For I knew that I had seen the handiwork of God.

# September Road

*Katherine F. Larsen*

A broad road calls me,
Through blue autumn haze
Beckons, and I long to leave
My humdrum routine ways
To follow vagrant little winds
Where no foot stays
For more than a moment;
I would take any road
Leading where far horizons burn—
Through red-gold gypsy days!

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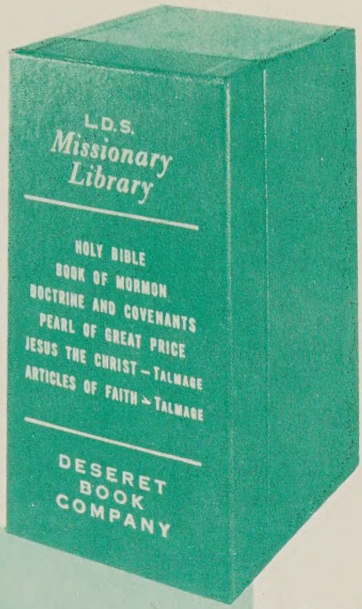

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